THE SPHERE

Vol. CXL No. 1824 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JAN. 5 1935

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Ski-jumping Competition at Hofgastein

JANUARY 23rd — FEBRUARY 3rd
International bobsleigh week
International 2-seater bobsleigh competition at Igls

JANUARY 26th
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"Madloch" Ski-race at LECH-am-ARLBERG

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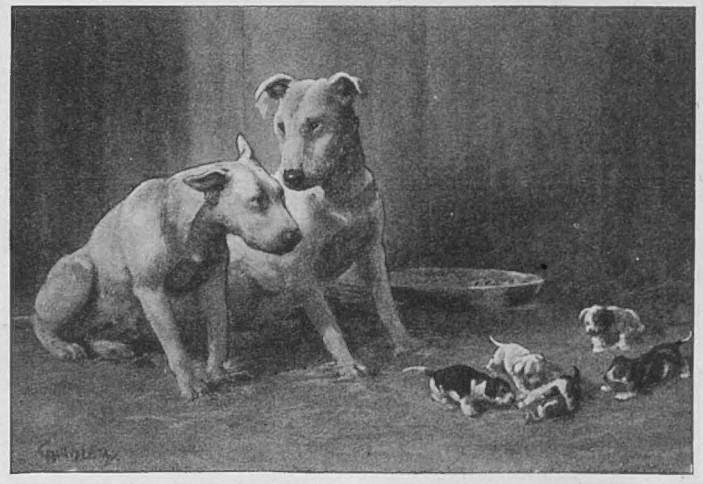

CAESAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR.

By C. AMBLER

Owing to the great demand, the above picture which was originally reproduced in THE TATLER has now been published in separate form, suitable for framing.

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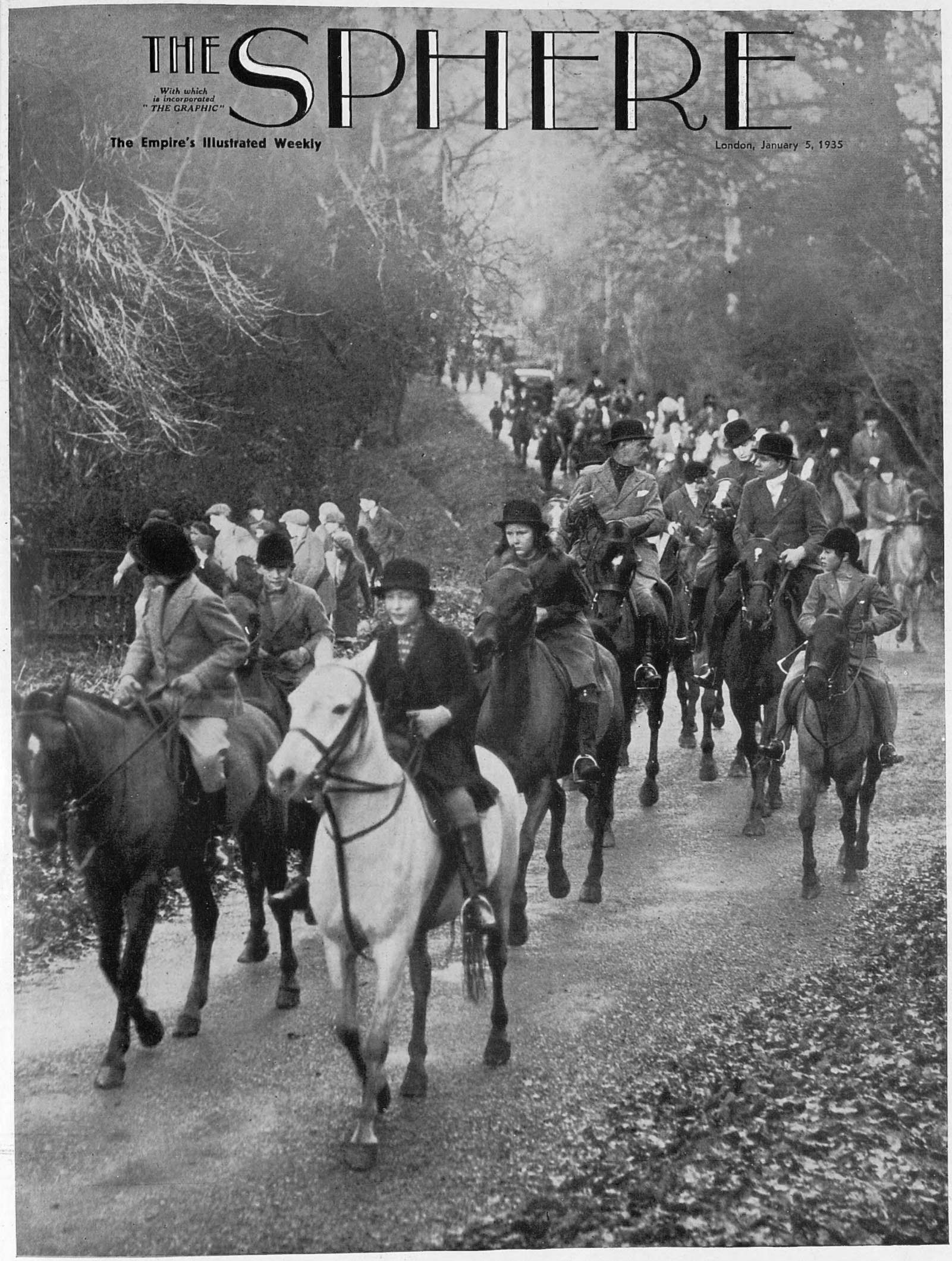
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 5, 1935



CHILDREN'S MEET OF THE CHIDDINGFOLD

The Field Moving Off to Draw the First Covert

I would Provide as Christmas Box
For Every Sportsman's Child
A Very Special Christmas Fox
With Manners Specially Mild.

From Covert he Should Boldly Burst,
And Stay So Long in View,
That Each could say I Saw Him First
I Saw Him before You.

And he Should Choose a Careful Line,
Avoiding Wire and Walls,
That Little Folk of eight and nine
Should Have but Comfy Falls.

—WILL OGILVIE.

This is the season of children's meets, and in the shires and provinces many of the hunts are catering specially for the younger generation. The idea in holding such meets is not quite what Will Ogilvie visualizes in his delightful poem, and they are really held to give boys and girls an opportunity of learning the etiquette of the hunting field and to introduce to them the finer points of the sport. The above picture was taken last Monday after the Chiddingfold had met at Wintershall, near Guildford. This pack hunts a country lying partly in Surrey and partly in Sussex, and consisting of pasture, plough, and moor, with banks and timber to test even the most experienced rider

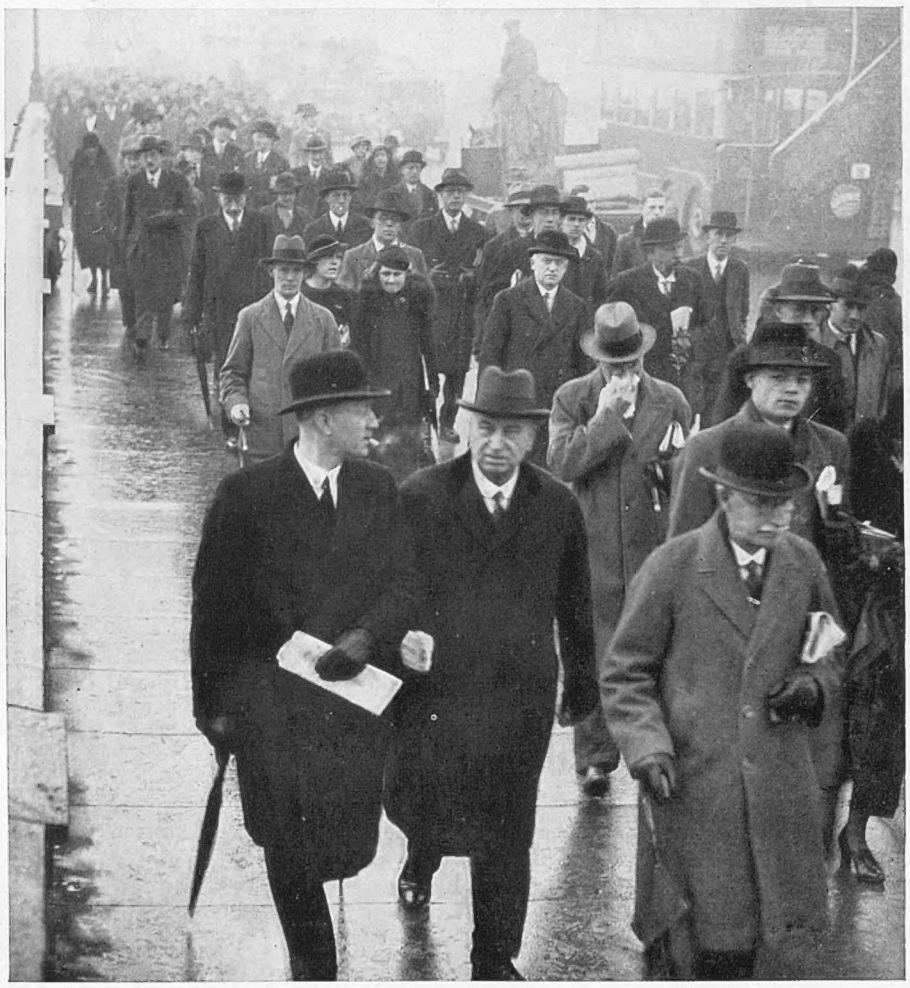
Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

CHURCH PARADE: The King and Queen, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, leaving after attending Divine Service at Sandringham on the Sunday before Christmas

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 2, 1935.

SET FAIR FOR '35.—M. Maurois' seasonable billet-doux in praise of England may fairly raise our morale at the beginning of a new year—the Silver Jubilee Year with its promise of a five-months' long London Season, innumerable pageants and endless opportunities for trade profits. M. Maurois took his text from English history. He repeated in effect a very famous utterance by a great Englishman when he declared that England had saved herself by her energy and Europe by her example. If nothing unforeseen and of a disagreeable kind occurs, the glass is set fair for a still more prosperous year in Britain, and I will guarantee as a start a mild boom on 'Change in January. It is the time for Englishmen, with humility and thankfulness, to formulate their good resolutions for 1935. Even a man entering his fiftieth year and a journalist by profession will make New Year good resolutions, well as he knows that such manufactured articles are not built for permanence.



BLACK THURSDAY: Trooping back to work after the Christmas holidays—a scene on London Bridge last week

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.—Here are a few of my own, chosen haphazard from a veritable Pandora's box of brand-new virtues:

(1) To believe that Europe wants peace and seeks brotherhood among nations and that the League can do its work effectively without the ultimate sanction of armed force.

(2) To believe that the British race is overwhelmingly made up of sane, decent, law-abiding, and kindly folk, with a sincere desire to think for themselves, to form their opinions on a basis of sound reasoning, to grow in wisdom, and to improve their charity and taste.

(3) To believe that the Press, the radio, and the film realize this national aspiration and accept a trusteeship to help in its accomplishment.

(4) To have faith in our Government and local government; that these bodies are acting purely for the public good and that their decisions are the result of infinite research, care, wisdom, and forethought.

(5) To criticise no public man and no printed work without exhaustive examination into the motives of his actions, and at least a casual perusal of the printed word under review.

(6) To avoid like the plague any commentary on such highly controversial subjects as religion and political organizations.

All these are sound and also noble resolutions, which a man even in his fiftieth year might profitably make and even keep for a week or so. But I fear that when a journalist makes them he could not profitably keep them over the holidays. For it is on bre... most of them that his live... depends. It is from these... that he makes (and drop... bricks.

STATISTIC TIM... BOOKS.—The New ... usually a period devo... news of major importan... made interesting by the p... ation of annual statistics... reviews. Statistics in... tendencies and are co... for our learning and... warning. Thus the... trade. Statistics indicate... the number of books pub... in 1933 (14,608) was exc... in 1934. There were more...

One Famil...

The King's Messag... to His People on... Christmas Day

It is as members of o... family that we shall t... day, and always, remembe... those other members of ... who are suffering from sic... ness or from the lack of wo... and hope; and we shall b... ready to do our utmost t... befriend them.

I send a special greeti... to the peoples of my Domi... ions overseas. Throu... them the family has becom... a fellowship of free nation... and they have carried in... their own homes the memori... and traditions of the Moth... Country.

With them I bear in m... heart to-day the peoples ... my far distant Colonie... The bond of the one spir... knows no barriers of spac...

If my voice reaches a... of the peoples of India, ... it bring the assurance of m... constant care for them, a... of my desire that they ... may ever more fully reali... and value their own place ... the unity of the one famil...

May I add very simp... and sincerely that if I m... be regarded as in some tr... sense the head of this gre... and widespread family, sha... ing its life and sustained h... its affection, this will be ... full reward for the long a... sometimes anxious labours ... my Reign of well-nigh fi... and twenty years.

As I sit in my own hom... I am thinking of the gre... multitudes who are listeni... to my voice whether they ... in British homes or in far-o... regions of the world. F... you all, and especially fo... your children, I wish a happ... Christmas. I commend yo... to "The Father of Who... every family in heaven an... on earth is named." God... bless you all.

exhibitions than ever. ... clubs continued to incr... Because of the immense p... demand for books (of a ... and the public interes... literature (of a kind), ... production continue... vicious circle, and see... people in each of the three ... partments of literature fi... awoke to the present da... They saw that the typ... literature which succeeds ... ancially is of the patter... distraction and that exper... of life which flows in ... increasing and glutinous ... from the film, the cheap ... paper, the popular mag... and even the wireless. ... anything but permanen... cultural. It is in no s... a link with the culture ... our ancestors. That cha...

ken. As a result of over-production, at literature is still-born, and all dards of merit overthrown. Medi- ity is lauded and merit assessed on asis of sales; literary criticism is ased to the level of commercial sting, and is widely suspect. Great lishing houses, with honourable tra- ons, have abandoned their dignity thrown over their cultural trus- hip in the scramble to feed their ating machines and the sensation- ng public, and the fine old bookshops e become a Caledonian Market of ap-jack, in which a discerning der may with luck unearth some- ng worth having under a pile of mingham ware. For he will obtain guidance. Neither in publishing, kselling, nor literary criticism are e more than a handful of mentors on whom the public may depend. glut of publications is equally dis- ous to writers, publishers, book- ers, and reading public. And no is yet devised for putting a period this senseless, undignified, and dis- ous scramble, this throwing of ltured" pearls to an equally cul- d herd.

AND ROAD CASUALTIES.

When the figures are published of casualties for the year 1934 no one justly be able to congratulate him- Not even Mr. Belisha—that hard- king optimist—will be able to halloo. are not out of the dark wood, nor we see the light. We are still com- mising, still hesitating. Our one e for congratulation is based on the sm that two blacks don't make a te. We may congratulate ourselves things are worse in the States. e is one, chosen from a sheaf of ings from recent American papers, the road horror of the States: ore than 30,000 persons are killed ually in motor accidents in the tes (last year the figures were 30,000 d and 1½ million badly injured). the event of the adoption of an old- pension system, the reckless use of omobiles, cutting off so many of the s of the old, will reduce the expense haintenance. This will seem a heart- statement of fact, but the public tude towards road mortality is heart- . The tragedy of motor traffic is tual, chiefly because public opinion rates it, is indifferent to the slaugh- expects and accepts it as a matter course." It is the same over here. do not rise and mutiny. We are tent to wait on hesitant compromise polite propaganda.

AND TRADE.

—The trade istics, dealt with last, should by nmon consent come first. They are, erally, proof that in this country ustrial recovery has continued con- ently and is based on firm founda- s. The figures regarding the gress of that sluggish and dour and l industry, shipbuilding, are par- ularly significant. In 1934, the Clyde yards launched over a quarter of a lion tons of shipping. This weight, course, includes *Queen Mary*, and it also true that the Clyde has taken lion's share in Britain, but the fact nains that the Clyde in 1934 turned t one-quarter of the whole world's tput. How low the industry had nk is evidenced by the fact that this yde output is only one-third of the nage turned out in 1913–14. But ere is hope in all British shipyards; ere are firm orders ahead for Scottish d English yards, and the tramp sub- y should give an added stimulus. here are several straws, large and g, which show that the nation s more money to spend and is in- lging in "wise spending." The ry high Christmas note circulation as a small straw. The Electricity ommissioners' reports on last year's rkings afford a larger indication. heir "year" ended last April, and was e first hopeful report since 1929. onsumption was greatly up, notably in dustrial processes. During the year mething like 100,000 working class ouses were newly wired for electricity. certain depressed areas the improve- ent in consumption was specially arked. It is equally significant and to e comforting to know that those splen- d gas industries have not suffered by eir rivals' progress. They also have gone ahead and benefited by the public's ability to spend. And indeed, so long as electricity charges remain in some areas the monstrous anomaly they are, the gas industry need have no fears and will dig in deeper and deeper. As for our export trade, it is a large and intricate field to survey, but all evidence goes to show that we have recovered and are recovering some of our lost markets abroad. Some are lost beyond recall, some are still vanishing, but we are up on balance over 1933. Statistic time is quite a cheerful season this New Year.

AND RAINFALL.—

Croydon boasted of a very modest rainfall for December (up to 28th)—a mere 5.72 in. Here in the area of Haslemere U.D.C. we can do better than that. We were never hard pressed for water even at the worst point of drought in this drought year following a drought year. Here are my figures for 1934 rainfall—

January to October (incl.)	19.95 in.
November	4.03 in.
December	9.66 in.
Total	33.64 in.

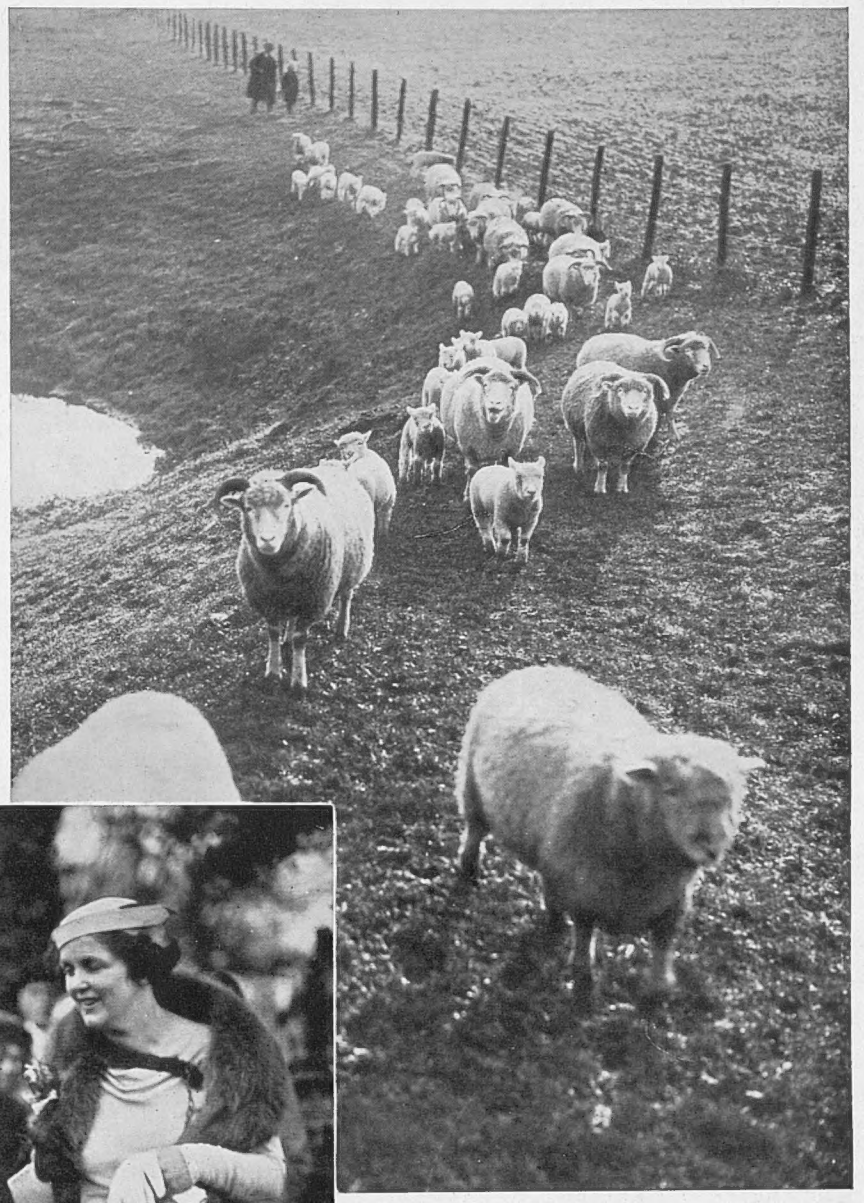
So it proved quite a normal year, the last quarter supplying nearly half the year's fall.

AIR SERVICE SPEED-UP.

—The Air Ministry's Parthian shot, before it flew away in formation to its holiday hangar, was a mighty bomb. This was a sweeping plan, to be completed within two years, for increasing and speeding-up air-services for passengers throughout the Empire and for improving and cheapening Empire air-mail services. There is to be a bi-weekly service to Australia and South Africa, tri-weekly to East Africa and Singapore; to India four times weekly. The service to Australia is to be reduced in time from 12 to 7 days, to Singapore and Capetown from 9 to 4 days, to India from 5 to 2 days. If the Postmaster General can see his way, air mail letters will cost no more (if written on lighter paper) than letters to the Empire or within Britain transported by land. The scheme depends on the unanimous consent of Empire Governments, on a great deal of re-organization of Empire air-ports and on the building of many machines. But both Lord Londonderry and Sir Philip Sassoon spoke hopefully of the scheme as likely to be a *fait accompli* in 1937. It is all very wonderful and perhaps will confer far-reaching benefits on mankind.

HOPE FOR WIVES—AND HUSBANDS.

—Before Parliament and the lawyers closed their blue books and law books for the holidays, they handed out two or three items of considerable interest for the general public to chew and digest with their Christmas and New Year bake meats. First, there was the fourth report of Lord Hanworth's Law Revision Committee which makes important proposals for reform in the law affecting husbands and wives. The great idea is to place married women as regards both their property and their wrong-doings for which they are liable to be sued, in the same position as unmarried women, and thereby to relieve husbands of many anomalous and inequitable liabilities. The proposed reform would relieve a husband of liability to be sued for his wife's pre-marriage debts, or for torts committed by his wife during marriage. It puts the married woman on the footing of the spinster in her unrestricted right to the enjoyment and ownership of her own property and in her right to contract and to sue. In a word it abolishes the conception of married women's property in the Act of that name. These are proposals long due, and married women and men will welcome them with equal warmth. Married women will shake off the last rusty chain of slavery, and men will bid farewell to a liability which has no corresponding privilege. The spice in this particular bake meat lies of course, in the problem of whether and how reform, if it come, in the Married Woman's Property Act will react on the Income-Tax authorities. If they are guided by logic, they must no longer lump husband's and wife's "profits" for purposes of income- and super- tax.



EARLY ARRIVALS: December lambs with their parents on a farm at Westerham, Kent. The long spell of mild weather, so exceptional for the time of year, has given them an excellent start

A SURPRISE WEDDING: Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England, leaving Totteridge Church, Hertfordshire after his marriage last Saturday to Miss Jean Stewart, daughter of the late Mr. James Reid Stewart, of Wanganui, New Zealand. The service was a simple one, and the congregation was largely made up of villagers. The bride was given away by Sir William Peat, the well-known accountant, and the best man was Sir Herbert Cunliffe, the Chairman of the Bar Council and former M.P. for Oldham

NEW YEAR HONOURS.

—The Honours List is without notable thrills. Three peerages: Sir Henry Betterton, who retired from politics to devote himself to unemployment; Sir Wyndham Portal, head of the Huguenot family long settled at Laverstoke in Hampshire beside their fine paper mills, who recently returned one of the reports on the Distressed Areas; and Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, a noted worthy in Northants. Professor Mackail, classical scholar, poet, and master of words, formerly of the Board of Education (and father of the popular author of *Greenery Street*), is given the O.M. A vacant K.G. goes to Lord Yarborough, and Lord Linlithgow is made a Privy Councillor. There are five or six new Baronets and many Knights but it is not as easy as usual to pick out picturesque examples from either rank. Canada, I am glad to see, is not absent from the Colonial Lists, but she does not bulk as large as her size and importance warrant. It is a comfort to know that the old nonsense, once rife in Canada, is dead, and that "honours" are no longer treated there as suspect, as though they were hereditary titles or political jobs.

THE OLD STAGER

TRAGEDY ON THE HIGH SEAS: A dramatic picture, taken from the deck of one of the rescue ships, showing the 3,500-ton Newcastle steamer *Usworth* floundering hold-A had been abandoned. The Belgian steamer *Jean Jadot*, which had been standing by, tried in vain to get a line aboard the *Usworth*, and finally launched a life-boat to prev journey, however, the boat capsized in the mountainous seas and 14 men were drowned. The Cunard—White Star Liner *Ascania*, which was also on the spot, sent a and, after an epic struggle, succeeded in rescuing those remaining aboard the *Usworth*, including the captain

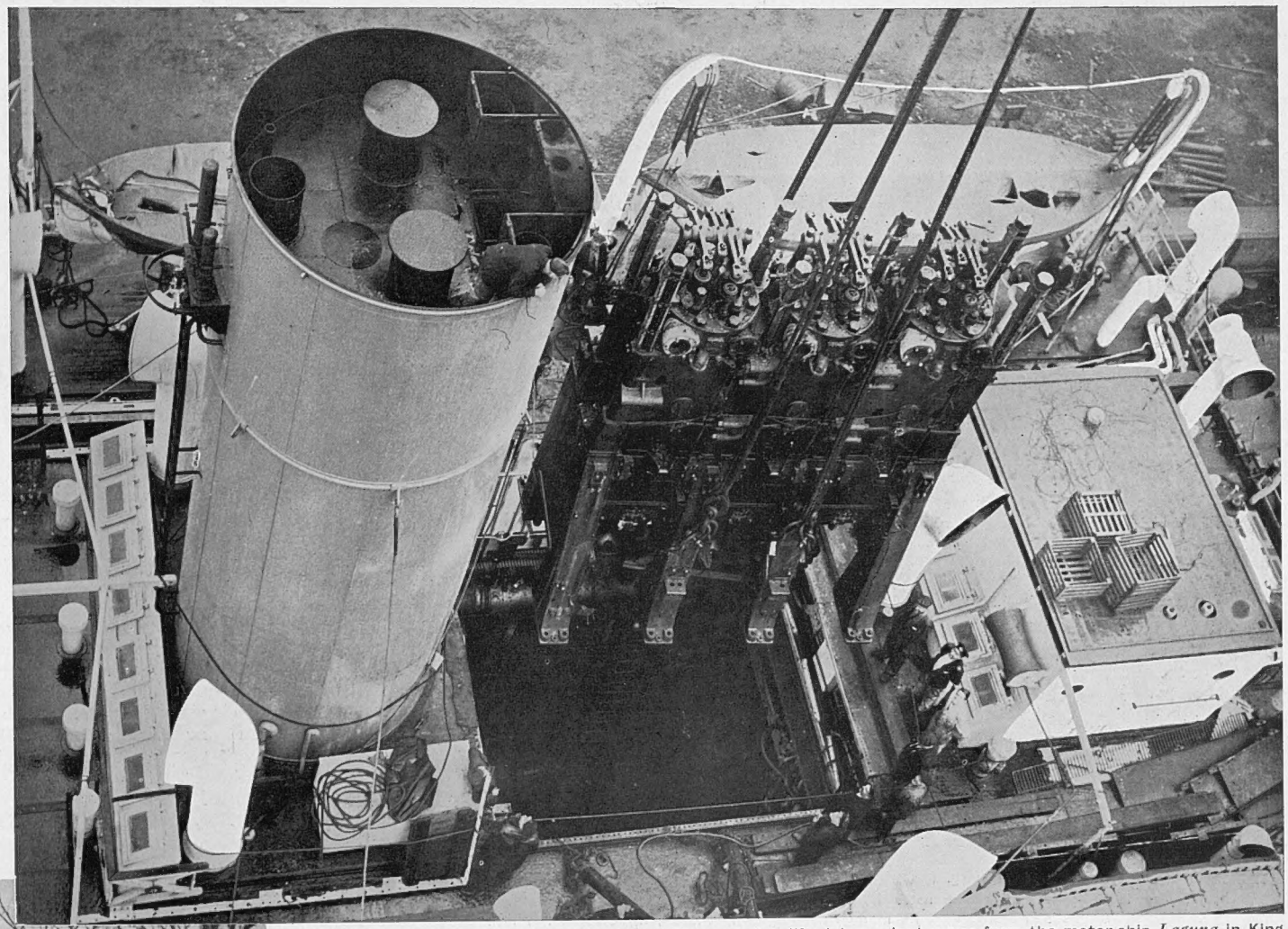
AWAY FROM THE CARES OF STATE: King Leopold and Queen Astrid of Belgium seen in winter sports kit at St. Moritz, where they are spending a short but much-needed holiday

A PREY OF TWO EXTREMES: The West of England, which suffered as seriously of now inundated by floods—the result of the recent torrential rains. A farm on on Ken Moor, Som

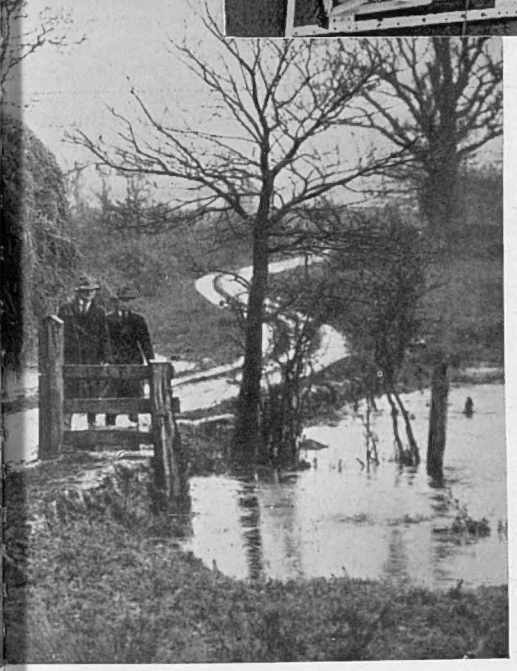
A FEAST FOR MUSIC LOVERS: Sir Henry Wood conducting at the Queen's Hall on Mat, was given in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. The programme ally *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Tristan*,

NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS: A Record of World Events

ld-Atlantic after she rew. On the return a few minutes later,



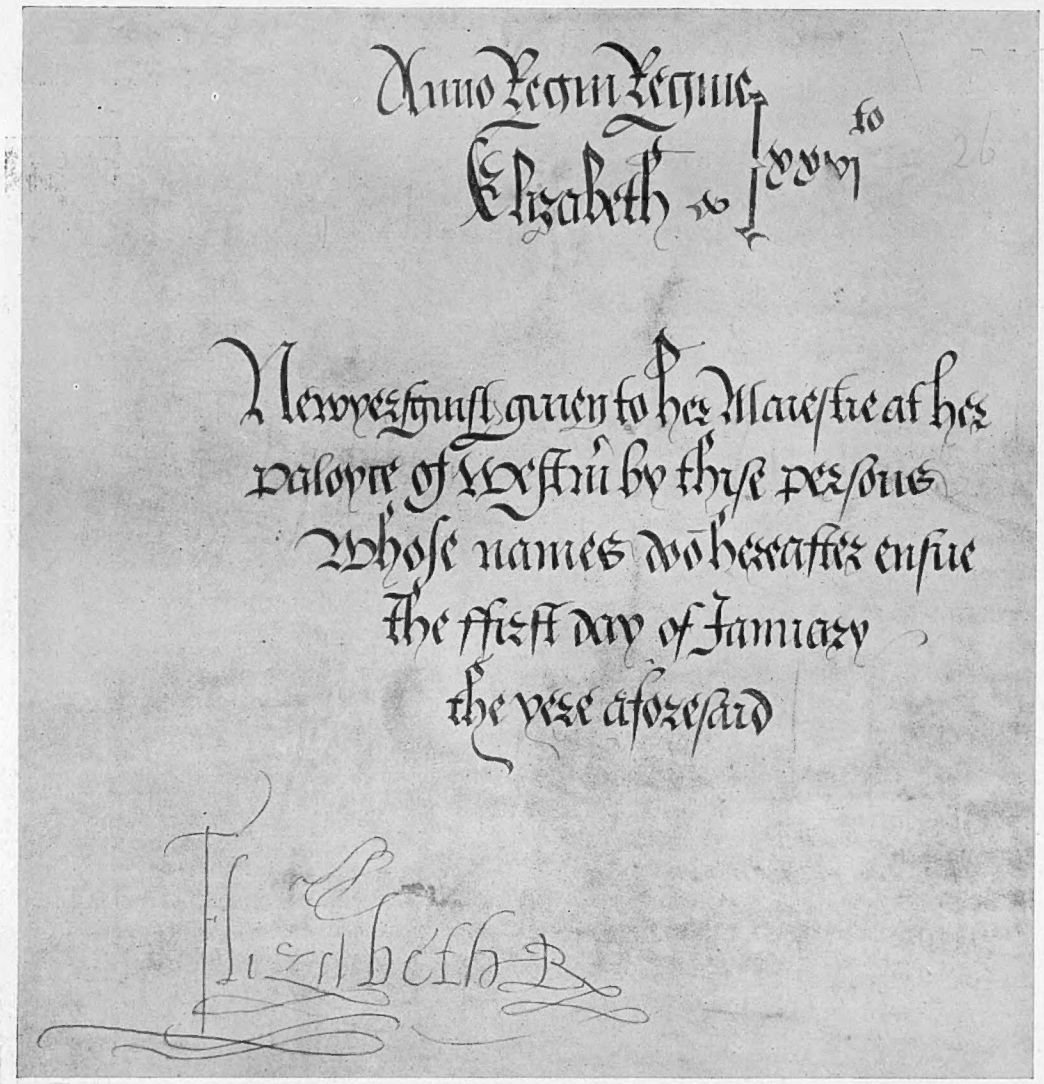
SHIP SURGERY: A set of cylinders weighing 70 tons being lifted by a giant crane from the motor-ship *Laguna* in King George V Dock, London. The vessel is being repaired by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, and the machinery is having to be removed to enable the engineers to get at a broken crankshaft



of the country during the drought of last summer, is n here making its way along a waterlogged track

t, when the first of the winter Promenade Concerts ly over Wagner's works, and included passages from de, and *Götterdämmerung*

AMBASSADORS OF GOODWILL: Some of the men of the East Lancashire and Essex Regiments who, since they have been in the Saar as members of the International Plebiscite Force, have created such a favourable impression among the inhabitants. At first the Saarlanders were not disposed to welcome the "invaders," but thanks to the British Tommy's cheerfulness and good manners the tense atmosphere has been dispersed and they are now on the friendliest of terms



THE HEADING TO THE DOCUMENT which states that it is a list of "New Year Gifts given to Her Majesty at Her Palace of Westminster by those persons whose names do hereafter ensue." Elizabeth's signature, with its many extravagant flourishes, appears at the foot

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S NEW YEAR GIFTS

A Remarkable Sixteenth-Century Document in the British Museum

The parchment scroll, illustrations of which appear on this page and which has recently been presented to the British Museum, consists of a list of New Year gifts given to and given by Queen Elizabeth on January 1, 1584, in the twenty-sixth year of her reign. The document bears the Queen's signature in four places and was compiled by her private secretary.

Her Majesty's choice of presents was extraordinary. For instance, she gave Sir Thomas Bromley, the Lord Chancellor, the odd sum of £13 6s. 8d., while Lord Hunston received a night gown (a dressing gown in those days) made of carnation satin.

All the bishops were given money—an easy way of solving the gift problem—but in some instances the Queen made a very careful choice.

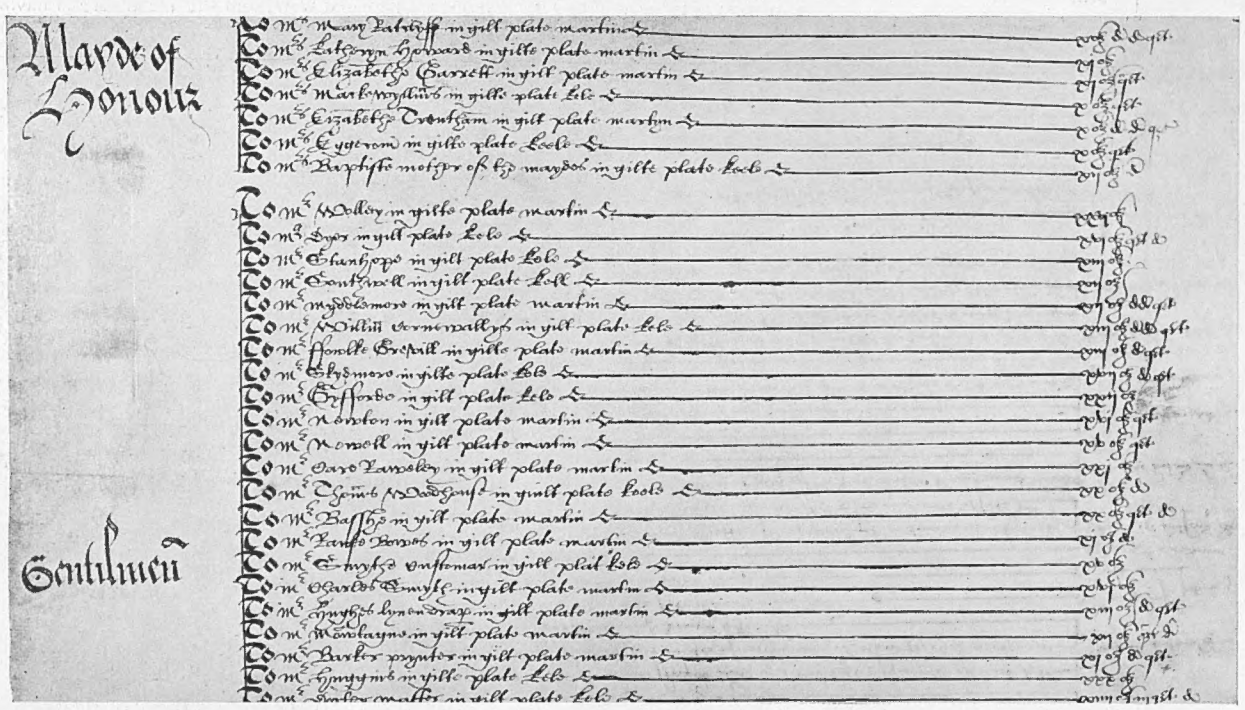
One of the most interesting presents was a fan, set in gold with a handle of crystal, given to Elizabeth by her favourite, Sir Fulke Greville. He was at that time twenty-nine years old, and held the office of Secretary for the Principality of Wales. Later he was to become Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The following extracts, which have been deciphered for THE SPHERE by Mr. E. D'Auvergne, give a further insight into the nature of the presents.

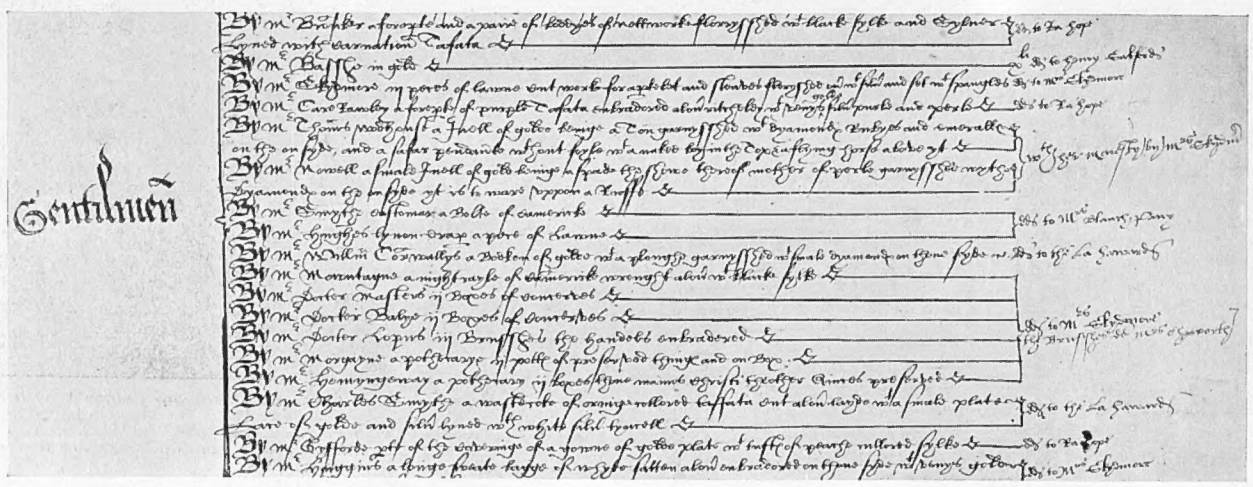
To each of her seven "Maydes of Honour," including Mrs. Baptist, "the Mother of the Maydes," and to a number of her gentlemen, the Queen presented a piece of gold plate. Among the recipients was the unfortunate Doctor Lopez, afterwards put to death on a trumped-up charge of treason. The presents made to Her Majesty by her courtiers are nearly all articles of clothing or the toilette. Mr. Dyer offers a petticoat of wine-coloured satin, wrought in gold, with three borders of white satin. Other items in the list of offerings to "Gloriana" are:

A paletôt and a pair of lawn sleeves cut diamond-wise; the fore-part of a kirtle of maronasson satin, laced with silver; a pair of perfumed gloves, the cuffs embroidered with gold and pearls; a cape in a blue velvet case; a ruff and a pair of lawn cuffs; a fore-part and a pair of bodies "florished" with black silk, laid with carnation tuffets; a small jewel of gold, being a spade, the handle thereof garnished with diamonds, to wear upon a ruff; a bodkin of gold set with diamonds; a night rail (nightdress) of cambric, wrought about with black silk.

From Mr. Porter Masters, two boxes of conserves; from Mr. Morgan, Apothecary, three pots of preserved things in a box; from Mr. Christopher Barber, printer, a large Bible in English bound in crimson velvet, all over embroidered with gold and seed pearls; from Mr. Nicholas Hilliard, a fair table with pictures containing the history of the Five Wise and Five Foolish Virgins; a small glass of sweet waters and a drinking glass with a cover; a Begoar stone; from Cuperio Gentile a book of Latin verses bound in crimson velvet.



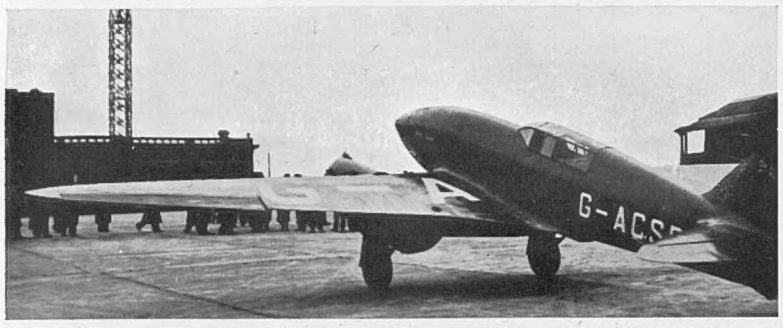
TO THE MAIDS OF HONOUR AND GENTLEMEN: Two extracts from the parchment scroll listing the presents given by Her Majesty (*above*) and given to Her Majesty (*below*). The writing is not at all easy to read, and has nothing of the beauty of style of work done in Plantaganet times



BY COMET TO THE CONGO

Mr. Kenneth Waller's and Captain Franchomme's Remarkable Flight and Other Aeronautical Matters

A ROYAL SEND-OFF: The King and Queen of the Belgians bidding good-bye to Captain Maurice Franchomme and Mr. Kenneth Waller (left), before the start of their record-breaking flight from Belgium to the Congo and back. The principal object of the two airmen was to demonstrate the possibilities of a fast postal service between Brussels and Leopoldville, and on both the outward and homeward journeys they carried mails



"LA REINE ASTRID": The re-named D. H. Comet flown by Mr. Waller and Captain Franchomme. They reached Leopoldville, a distance of 4,440 miles, in less than 52 hours, their actual time in the air being 24 hours 32 minutes, and their average speed being over 180 m.p.h. Their machine, it will be remembered, came in fourth in the recent England-Australia Air Race

WHEN GEOGRAPHY IS THRILLING: Captain Franchomme's young daughter follows the course of the Comet on a map

CARRIED IN TRIUMPH: The two airmen being chaired by the crowd at Brussels Aerodrome on their return from Leopoldville. In recognition of their services the King of the Belgians has conferred upon them the Order of the Lion of Africa—an honour only given to those who accomplish a very remarkable feat

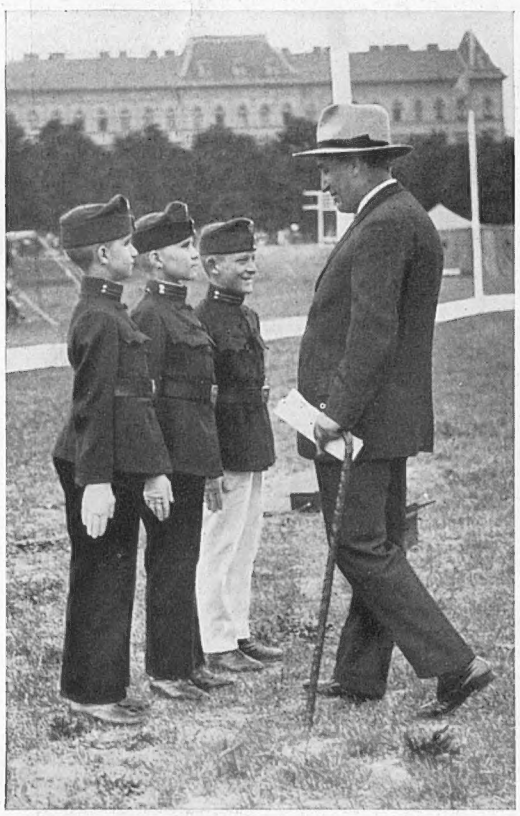
POSTMEN OF THE SKIES: Unloading at Croydon on December 24 the first mails to arrive from Brisbane on the new Australia-England weekly air postal service. Meanwhile the mails going in the opposite direction reached their destination ahead of the scheduled time, and the excellence of the service was enthusiastically commented upon by all the leading newspapers of the Commonwealth

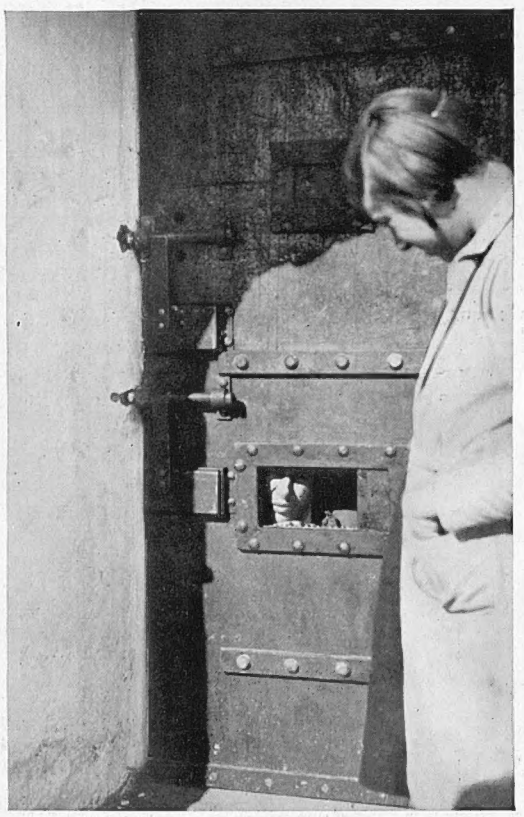
A QUADRUPLE FATALITY: The D.H. 86, which was on its way from London to Brisbane, seen after it had crashed at Longreach, Queensland, last month. The four occupants of the 'plane, Lieutenant-Commander A. R. Prendergast, First Officer W. V. Creates, Flight-Engineer F. R. Charlton, and Mr. E. H. Broadfoot, were all killed. The cause of the disaster is being made the subject of an official inquiry

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY: The hole made in a house in Plough Lane, Croydon, by a French air liner which overshot the aerodrome and entered the kitchen through the wall. No one was injured, but the great presence of mind of Miss Edith Martin in damping down the stove probably prevented a serious fire

ALL THAT REMAINED OF "THE FLYING HOTEL": Searching the wreckage of the famous Dutch air liner, the machine which put up such an amazing performance in coming in second in the England—Australia Race and which recently crashed in the Syrian Desert, 270 miles from Baghdad, when on the way out to the East Indies with the Christmas mails. The picture evidences the terrible fate of the crew and passengers, the terrific impact with which the 'plane must have struck the ground, and the intensity of the flames which consumed it. The cause of the disaster is not certain

CRUMBLING ALBION: A view taken from the cliff above St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, after the huge fall of chalk, estimated to weigh 250,000 tons, which took place there last week





FROM "THE SPHERE'S" POST BAG: Two pictures from readers abroad. *Left*—Herr Gömbös, the Hungarian Prime Minister, with three of the students—two of them are his sons—at the military school at Szombathely. *Right*—The gaoler's daughter chatting with a prisoner through a slit in the steel door of his cell in the prison at Silves, Portugal. An earthquake took place there a few days ago, and seriously damaged the walls of the building—thus allowing many of the prisoners to escape

A New Deal fo the Air Mail

The Postmaster-General Gives Further Proof of His Farsightedness

THE year 1934 has seen the greatest advance i Britain's air mail services since the first air ma to Paris was established fifteen years ago. Until this ye the general attitude of the Post Office towards air mails wa one of inactive tolerance and they were regarded witho enthusiasm. The Post Office was not prepared to take a more active steps in their development than were forced up it by public demand.

Sir Kingsley Wood has given and intends to give the publ throughout the Empire a New Deal in air mail facilities. H has shown himself to be actively air-minded and prepared t create the demand for better air mail services and not wait fo it to grow of its own accord.

In May the first internal air mail service, that betwee Inverness and Orkney, was inaugurated and a revolutionar principle—the carrying of all letter mail over the route witho surcharge—was adopted. In June a deputation from the Londo Chamber of Commerce, the Association of British Chambe of Commerce and the Federation of British Industries wait on the Postmaster-General and put forward their views on th development of air mail. The deputation urged that Empi mails should travel at least 2,500 miles per day, that as normal routine all first-class mail should be sent by air, th a low flat rate of charges should be fixed and that if necessar the expenditure on these improvements should come out Post Office funds.

At the time these recommendations were considered som what visionary, but they evidently made a profound impressio on the Postmaster-General, as subsequent developments sho for in July an expert air mail adviser was appointed to th Post Office and an Air Mail Panel to the Post Office Advisor Council was formed.

In August an experimental internal service was opene between London, Liverpool, Belfast, and Glasgow. Thi proved successful, and on November 14 the Postmaster-Gener announced that he had adopted the policy of sending inter first-class mail by air if thereby delivery is materially accelerate No special labels would be necessary and no surcharge woul be made. The contract for carrying the mail over the London Glasgow route was awarded to Hillman's Airways, who too over the service on December 1.

On December 8 came the start of the first regular servic to Australia, and there now remains only the link betwee England and Canada, incidentally the most difficult, to b forged in the chain of Empire air communications.

As from November 17 a low flat rate for Empire mails wa introduced, abolishing all the varying charges to Empir destinations, and fixing a rate of 3d. per ounce for the shorte distances and 6d. for the greater.

Meantime the Government has been preparing a far-reachin scheme for the development of Empire air communications an this was announced in the House of Commons on December 2 Its main features provide for increased speeds, greater frequenc of service, and the sending of all first-class mail to Empir countries by air. Time schedules of just over 2 days to India 2½ days to East Africa, 4 days to the Cape and Singapor and 7 days to Australia are aimed at. Four or perhaps fiv services to India per week, three to Singapore and East Africa and two to Australia and the Cape are envisaged in the scheme and it is proposed to reduce the letter rate to Empire destination still further to 1½d. per half ounce.

This is a most ambitious scheme and such a forward jum cannot be made at once, but the Government expect it t be possible in two years' time. Even this will be a remark able achievement, for an immense amount of work has to b done.

While Great Britain may be prepared to spend money on th new scheme and incur a loss on the mail service through th reduced postage rates, Dominion governments may not. The may decide to fix a higher postage rate for letters to England which will result in a reduced volume of return mail. It wil obviously be a serious handicap to successful operation i machines go out from England full and are half empty on the return trip.

These considerations show that the scheme is as yet by no means an accomplished fact, and must depend on agreement and close co-operation with the Dominions concerned.

The air race to Australia focussed the attention of the public on speed and produced a demand for speedier air ser vices. Although the speed aspect of air transport was largely over-emphasized by the race the public mind was prepared for the higher speeds now suggested. But it should be noted that the scheme does not cater in its proposed schedules for the maximum operating speeds of which aircraft of the most modern type are capable but concentrates on greater frequency with a general raising of the speed.

This is a very sound point, for a frequent service at reason able speed is of far more value to the public than a high-speed dash once a week. This will appeal equally to passengers, for there is no intention to run mail-only services, but, as at present, to combine passenger and mail traffic.

It is evident that at first the Post Office will lose revenue by the reduction of air mail charges, and that the cost of transport by air will be greater than by surface transport, but with the design of more economically-operated aircraft and increased volume of mail this loss of revenue should diminish until this most courageous experiment has justified itself.

C. D. Palmer

EL CONQUISTADOR

Francisco Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru and the Founder of the City of Lima

This imposing bronze statue, which is the work of the late Charles Cary Rumsey, has been presented by the sculptor's widow to the people of Peru in honour of the four-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Lima by the Spaniards, and is to be unveiled in that city on January 18. Pizarro, who was perhaps the most outstanding figure in the history of Spanish Conquest in the New World, was born in the Province of Estremadura in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. He received no education, and was not even taught to read and write, but at an early age revealed himself as a born leader of men. In 1526 he was placed in charge of an expedition to Peru and, after enduring countless setbacks, he succeeded in subduing the native population. Nine years later he founded Lima, making it the seat of his new Government, and there he remained for the rest of his eventful life—consolidating his power and proving himself an able and far-seeing administrator. He was assassinated on June 26, 1541, when nearly seventy years of age, and his body was buried in the cathedral

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THE STUDENT PRINCE

The Heir to the Rumanian Throne at the Cadet School at Targoviste

IN THE DINING-ROOM: A lunch-time scene at the cadet school where thirteen-year-old Crown Prince Michael has been sent by his father, King Carol of Rumania, to be educated and to receive a preliminary course of military training

PRIZE-GIVING: The young Crown Prince being presented with an award for efficiency

HERE, SIR: Crown Prince Michael (extreme right) and his comrades lined up for the roll-call. The King has given instructions that his son is to be given no preferential treatment whatsoever

THE LEISURE HOUR: Students in the picturesque school courtyard at Targoviste

OFFICERS IN THE MAKING: *Left*—Cadets with one of their masters. *Right*—A close-up view of the smart type of full-dress uniform worn by the boys

When King Carol renounced his right to the Rumanian Throne in 1926, his five-year-old son, Michael, was declared king under a Regency. Thus during his early years the boy was compelled to live the life of the court, and at the time the chances of his enjoying a normal happy childhood seemed extremely remote. On January 29, 1930, however, his father brought off a successful *coup d'état* and young Michael resumed his position as heir apparent. Ever since then he has not been burdened with official duties and the king has been doing everything possible to give him a sound education, first of all in the palace and now in the Cadet School at Targoviste, about forty miles from Bucharest.

U.S.A.

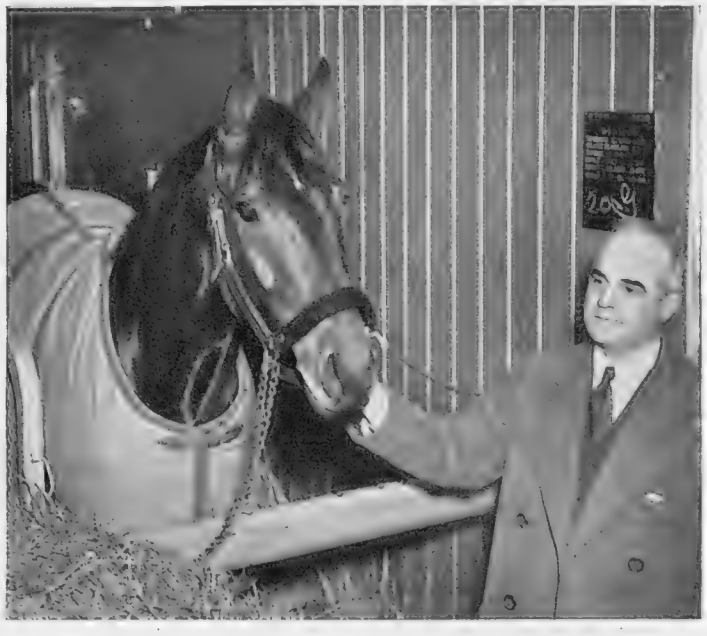
Current News in Pictures

SNOW-BOUND: While England enjoyed mild but unseasonable weather, a blizzard swept across the Middle Western States of America during Christmas. This car was one of many stranded in Chicago parking places. The snow, however, was welcomed by the unemployed, for over 50,000 of them were put to work clearing the streets

A WHITE CHRISTMAS: Another scene in Chicago during the blizzard. The storm was at its worst during the rush hour, and thousands of homeward bound office workers were delayed for hours owing to the complete dislocation of bus, train, and tram services. In La Salle Street the drifts were several feet in depth

AN UNEXPECTED DUCKING: Olin Dutra, the golfer, and some thirty spectators were thrown into a canal when a bridge collapsed as they were crossing to the 17th green on the Miami Course, Florida, during a local championship. This picture was taken a few seconds after the mishap. There were no casualties

THEY BLAZED THE TRAIL: The monument which was recently unveiled by President Roosevelt at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, in honour of the men and women who took part in the first permanent settlement of the West. In front of the memorial, which has cost over 100,000 dollars to erect, is an engraved map which shows the various routes traversed by the pioneers



APTLY NAMED: "Twenty Grand," the record stake-winner on the American "turf" and one of the most outstanding thoroughbreds the country has ever produced, seen in the sumptuous railway coach in which he travelled from New York to Los Angeles before competing in a race on Christmas Day

A camera study by Commander G. Dyott

THE WATER CARRIERS: A picturesque scene in a gateway at Ajmere, Rajputana

The White Paper Proposals In Practice

A Survey of the Appendices to the Joint Select Committee's Report which Reveal the Difficulties of Constitution Making and How Easy it is for Political Theory to Get Ahead of Fact

So much powder and shot is being expended by the champions and the opponents of the Select Committee findings, and so increasing is the bitterness of the two advocacies, that it seems, to one of us at least, high time that we abandoned the realms of abstract principles for those of human reason.

In making the comments that follow we consider the new Constitution, if applied as planned, not at its peak when fresh from the hands of its designers but at its *average* moment; to which it may be expected very shortly to descend. For, in practice, the facile optimisms of the Committee will inevitably leave the cloudy areas of high policy and sink to the lowest common denominator of India's everyday social and religious life.

Sink they will. How long did it take Magna Carta to gravitate from the superlatives of Runnymede to the Baron in his court, shuffling chilled feet among the floor-rushes while he settled dreary squabbles of tithe and socage, barns, common-lands, and the way of a pig with the neighbour's orchard?

Nor is it a far cry from the Code Napoléon to the easy solutions of the *crime passionnel*. There is often a deal of light to be got on a tangled question when, the main corpus of a document having been waded through and a quantity of mixed and not easily memorised impressions gathered, one turns to the explanatory matter.

So here. And, in the case of the Select Committee Report, we step with a certain relief from the twenty-fourscore paragraphs of close-knit scholarly preamble into the clear everyday language of the Appendices; with their easy and uncomplicated wording.

One cardinal quarrel we have with them; that "the answer," instead of being "in the subjunctive," appears to be in the imperative. Nowhere in their pages is it presumed that the entire matter still awaits the verdict of Parliament. They speak with that finality which is the due only of a *fait accompli*. Let us consider how far this optimism is justified.

It is difficult to cover every point. Some, however, recur with an insistence which indicates how fundamental they have been considered to be. And in dealing with a few of these we may gather how far the present Committee have departed from the realisms of the Simon Report; how they have let political theory get ahead of everyday Indian fact; and, in as far as fact, in India, is bound up in a socio-religious order based on Brahminism and Hindu orthodoxy, are inviting violent opposition to the measure from the Brahmin-dominated Congress,

The Depressed Classes, for instance. The fact that they are in future to be promoted to the name of Scheduled Castes deducts nothing from the age-long problem which they present. They are to be enfranchised; and the 50,000,000 of them are no longer to be voiceless. It is difficult to overstate not only their social degradation but their extraordinary acquiescence in their condition; an ingrained and altogether pitiable humility. As the very foundation on which the Hindu caste-system is built, the upsetting of their status will be bitterly opposed by the orthodox; who, and from their point of view rightly, will assert that for people who for thousands of years have not only never had an idea about the managing of the affairs of others, but who have gratefully accepted the acknowledgment of their own bare existence, the vote, and a consequent voice in any Federal or Provincial assembly, is unthinkable. Whose "meat," indeed, their representatives will be if at last elected, let those say who know India; and nothing but the clear foreknowledge of the eventual political paralysis of these, in essence, slave classes will ever induce the Brahmins and their Congress to consent to their enfranchisement.

The Simon Report would have made no such error.

Women, again. The qualification of a woman for the franchise is repeatedly stated:

". . . being the wife of a person possessing the property qualifications at present entitling to a vote for the Legislative Council. One elector only to be enfranchised under the husband's property qualification in addition to the husband himself; but a woman who is once placed on the roll in respect of a husband's property qualification to continue on the roll during widowhood or until remarriage when she will cease to be qualified in respect of her late husband."

The husband, it is clear, allots the vote. To the senior and possibly therefore the wiser wife? To the "last-joined" and therefore presumably the favourite? We are not told. He is the sole arbiter of what lies behind the purdah. But what we are told is that the widow continues to vote, until remarriage. "*Heresy!!!*" thunders the Brahmin; and the forces of Hinduism are mobilised.

For, wise and even workable though the measure may be when applied to Moslems, it would strike at the very roots of Hindu observance. We hardly need Miss Mayo's classic to remind us that the widow is of no account whatever after the death of her husband. Less than the dust. She has no status, socially or even domestically. She wears special clothes, shaves her head, and creeps about the house; a figure of ill-omen and bad luck to all with whom she comes in contact; she who, but for the meddlesome British, would be a handful of grey ash on her husband's funeral pyre.

A hewer of wood and drawer of water, and the consumer of the broken meats of the family. She is to be enfranchised? Undoubtedly; a measure of justice. Equally undoubtedly, the Brahmin will never allow it.

And Labour. Constantly recurring in the Appendices is the phrase: "The question of the franchise for these constituencies is under consideration."

In places, the term Trade Union is hinted at as a possible solution; but, with all its implications, is not openly avowed. The Committee have asked us to swallow enough already, without opening out vistas of unimagined possibilities such as this. Nor, again, are we told how the tanners, iron workers, washermen, sweepers, and other manual labourers, *ex officio* outcasts, are to be grafted on to a Labour vote the first effect of which will be an intensified class-consciousness. Nor yet, whether Labour is to include Christians; they whom orthodox Hinduism (and again we repeat, its mouthpiece, Congress) puts on an exactly equal social footing with, say, the members of one of the many vagrant criminal tribes.

The idea of an educational qualification for the franchise is, naturally, impeccable; even though in places the text shows us that "education" as we understand it here may be translated in terms of bare literacy—ability to read and write—in the writer's mother tongue; and even then certifiable by a village official, himself hardly able to repeat the multiplication table. But the property qualification, though fitting in well with the Brahmins' alliance with plutocracy, will be a tougher nut. To those of us who know our India, the thing will make a dead clash with the uplifted hands and *gharib admi!** of those who will now have to confess to taxable income.

Indeed, we are grateful for the clearness of expression in these Appendices, as showing us how, in detail, the critics of the Committee's findings are justified in their comments. For, if carried out as explicitly stated, the thing is, in practice, unworkable. Anomalies pile up. Departures from reality; plain ignorance of how impossible these recommendations will be when applied to the *average* moment of India's daily life.

But one saving grace lies, unacknowledged, in the recommendations of the Committee; who have, explicitly, deprived the proposed governors of the new autonomous provinces of the support, in council, of their white-serving fellow-officials. Lone hand or not, there is no doubt whatever of the loyalty of these governors to what they will have undertaken. A competitive *esprit de corps* as between provinces is exactly foreseeable; each governor as proud of his charge as ever was the white I.C.S. deputy commissioner, in the old days, of his district. To that extent is the white man's pride in the job for the job's sake an asset in an experiment, the outcome of which nobody can confidently foresee: but that the implicit reliance on this white instinctive loyalty should be the major, if not the only, asset in an adventure in constitution-making divorced at every turn from everyday India realities, is sufficient comment on the wisdom of the framers of the Report.

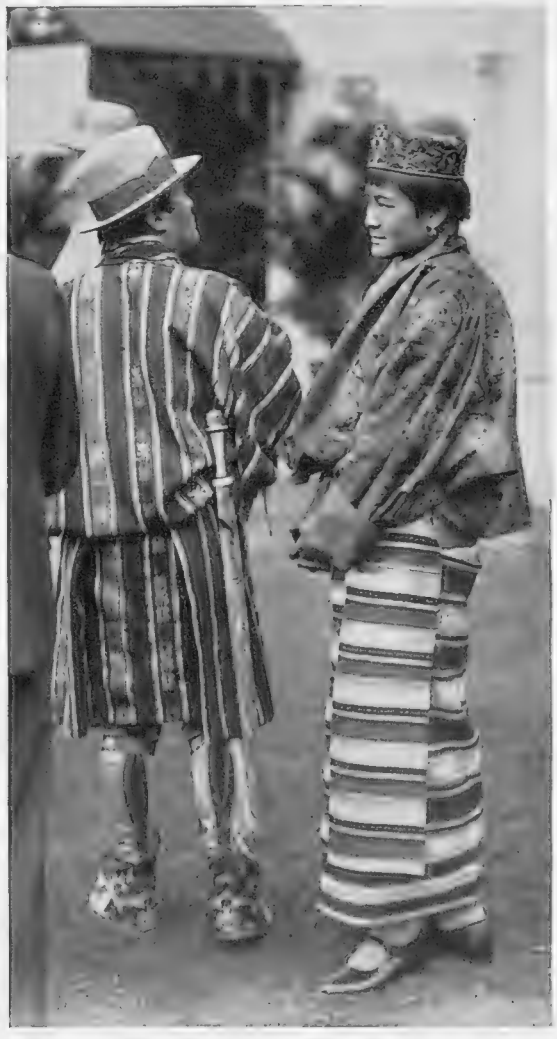
"Mauser"

* "I am a penniless man!"—the time-honoured whine of the *baniah* merchant-class; one who may be, and often is, a millionaire—in rupees, of course.

THE STREET OF THE SANDAL MAKERS: Indian cobblers plying their trade in the public highway, Madras. They are near the entrance to a fashionable hotel, and the mess they make hardly lends tone to the neighbourhood

THE KING EMPEROR'S CUP AT CALCUTTA

AN INDIAN CLASSIC: Mr. A. C. Ardeshir leading in his Australian-bred colt, Ethics, after it had won the King Emperor's Cup—the most important race of the year. Captain Elgee's Tel-Asur was a close second, Pougatcher—the favourite—was third, and Play On, winner of last year's Lincolnshire Handicap, was fourth. The large crowd which attended the meeting was hoping to be able to cheer the Viceroy's horses to victory, but both of them were unplaced in their races



NOTABILITIES IN THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE: *Left*—Lord Willingdon presenting the King Emperor's Cup to Mr. Ardeshir. *Centre*—Lord Willingdon with the Right Hon. Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal. *Right*—The Maharajah and Maharanee of Bhutan whose elaborate attire struck a colourful note

UTOPIA *in the* PACIFIC

"SILENT UPON A PEAK": Mr. Philip Game, son of the Governor of New South Wales, looking out on the Southern Pacific Ocean from a point of vantage on Mount Lidgbird, Lord Howe Island

Lord Howe Island—A Dependency of New South Wales where there is no Poverty, where Barter takes the Place of Money, and where Every Member of the Community Works for the Common Good

By W. H. BATHURST

In the popular imagination there is a glamour surrounding the islands of the Pacific. Pictures of sparkling seas, sunny palms, and dusky beauties automatically fill the mind. But these pictures are often marred by the sordid background of human greed and exploitation, or by the problems surrounding inter-racial relationships. Lord Howe Island, a dependency of New South Wales, is free of those factors which tend to spoil other beautiful places; this I was soon to discover when a few months ago I spent a holiday in that delightful spot.

It was a thrilling experience, coming on to the deck of the little 1,800-ton steamer which had brought us safely, if somewhat uncomfortably, across the notoriously-boisterous Tasman Sea and seeing through the early-morning mist the two great "rocks" of Mount Gower (2,840 ft.) and Mount Lidgbird (2,500 ft,) piercing the horizon. These mountains, separated only from one another by a saddle, form the southern extremity of the island. Rising by a series of precipices straight out of the sea, they give the island a background which cannot fail to strike the imagination.

Leaving Gower and Lidgbird to the south the Island becomes more "friendly"; mountains give way to undulating bush-covered hills which open out at frequent intervals into sunny, grassy slopes. Scattered about one can see neat little bungalows, each with its own well-cared-for garden growing up amidst the surrounding palms and pines.

The island is a crescent-shaped strip of land, seven miles in length (averaging only one mile in width) and runs roughly north and south. To the west there is a coral reef, and this, forming a chord joining the two extremities of the island, encloses a very fine lagoon. To the east, by way of contrast, there are a series of beautiful sandy beaches exposed to the full fury of the Pacific.

The climate is ideal; the summer temperature is rarely over 80 deg., and in winter it seldom falls below 60 deg. Although there is plenty of sunshine the rainfall is high; this combination of sunshine and rain accounts largely for the extreme fertility of the soil.

"THIS PRECIOUS STONE SET IN THE SILVER SEA, WHICH SERVES IT IN THE OFFICE OF A WALL, OR AS A MOAT DEFENSIVE TO A HOUSE, AGAINST THE ENVY OF LESS HAPPIER LANDS": A view of Lord Howe Island looking southward towards Mount Lidgbird and Mount Gower—the two highest peaks. The Island, which is volcanic in formation and notable for its pleasant climate, was discovered by Lieutenant Ball in 1788. It has about 200 white inhabitants

THE WIND-SWEPT SOUTHERN PACIFIC: A delightful scene on the east side of the Island

No motor cars are allowed on the island; the chief means of conveyance is a kind of rough horse-drawn sledge or slide, but (as the roads have a soft surface) travelling is far less uncomfortable than might be expected.

There is no telephone service, but the intelligence system is remarkably good and news travels almost as quickly as in an English village.

One morning, during my stay, a wireless message was received to the effect that Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith would be flying over the island in the *Southern Cross* on his way from New Zealand to Australia. In the twinkling of an eye the great news had spread. One dear old lady, to whom the sight of an aeroplane was a novel experience, was very worried as she was afraid the *Southern Cross* would be going much too fast for her to see anything of it! An hour later Kingsford-Smith flew over—a mere dot high up in the sky. When I asked the old lady next day if she had been able to see anything, she smiled happily: "Yes, indeed," she said, "it was too *wonderful!*"

It is a great temptation to expatiate on the thousand and one attractions Lord Howe Island offers to the ordinary visitor; fishing, surfing, aquaplaning, rock-climbing, etc., or to the scientist, particularly in marine zoology, botany, and geology.

But all the attractions pale into insignificance beside the Utopian nature of the society of which the visitor becomes a temporary member. Anyone coming from the outside world cannot but be impressed by the atmosphere of happiness and contentment which pervades this little community of less than 200 souls.

Except for such commodities as sugar, flour, etc., the islanders are practically self-supporting, and internal trade, whether in commodities or services, is largely conducted on a basis of barter.

The principal source of the community's income is the sale of the Kentia palm seed. The beautiful Kentia palm is indigenous to the island and, owing to its reluctance to germinate elsewhere, the islanders have practically a monopoly of this trade. Each islander is *ex officio* a shareholder in the palm seed industry, and every year he is held reponsible for the picking of a certain quota of seeds.

All land belongs to the Crown and the islanders, paying no rent, hold their areas on a Permissive Occupancy basis. The occupying islander, subject to good citizenship and proper use of the land, holds it for himself and his direct descendants from generation to generation.

The standard of education is high; most of the islanders having been at good Australian schools.

There is no poverty, nor indeed is there any real wealth. No one islander has any desire to be richer than his fellows. In fact, such a spirit of fellowship prevails that the little community gives the impression of one large and devoted family.

Only by marriage can an outsider gain admittance to this exclusive society. The islanders are, naturally, both proud and jealous of the privileges and communal responsibilities which, as citizens of this loyal and singularly enlightened outpost of the Empire, are theirs.

ON AN OFFICIAL VISIT: His Excellency Sir Philip Game (nearest camera), Governor of New South Wales, making a tour of inspection of the Island in a horse-drawn sledge. The inhabitants are not allowed to own motor cars, but this type of conveyance is much more comfortable than might at first be expected

A DRAMATIC MASTERPIECE: A scene from *The Government Inspector*, the brilliant satirical comedy by Nikolai Gogol, the great Russian writer, which was recently presented with great success in Amsterdam

THE THEATRE IN HOLLAND

The Second of a Short Series of Articles on the Stage Abroad

By ROY ELSTON

"THE DUTCH THEATRE is not an art; it is a job of work, and a damned thankless one!" This was the substance of a certain Dutch theatre director's comments on the stage in Holland. He had been teased by criticisms of the standard of Dutch production. "When every producer becomes a Reinhardt, it will be the end of the drama—the dramatists simply won't matter. And the end of the actor, too."

Of course the Dutch theatre is not an art. No national theatre ought to be. In the great theatrical centres of Europe and America it has become, for the most part, a science; but at its best it remains a "job of work," as it always was until the art-and-science cult of the twentieth century began to perplex it. So there is really no need for the Dutchman to worry because his theatre is a job of work. It is interesting to see what he makes of the job.

The queerest thing about the Dutch theatre is that it is not Dutch by a long chalk; not in the sense that the English theatre is English and the French French. Perhaps in a wider sense; in the sense that the Dutch, generally speaking, are the least chauvinistic people of Europe, and are therefore characteristically Dutch when consciously international. It sounds a bit mixed. It is not. The intelligent life of Holland is based on at least three cultures—the Germanic, the Latin, and the Anglo-Saxon.

So, and in consequence, is the theatrical life. London, Paris, Berlin, and New York provide the Dutch stage with its repertory. Berlin used to be the chief source: but the Berlin theatre has become oddly exclusive in its virtues, and a trifle dull—less race and more raciness would improve it; so the Dutch producers must fill their programme chiefly from London and Paris. Hardly once in a blue moon does the Dutch dramatist slip through. Producers give him every opportunity, if only to still the loud-voiced autarchic argument that art and the theatre should be reckoned along with hosiery and bacon-fat and placed under the same fiscal restrictions. It is sad to think that even Holland has been bitten by that bilious, slump-born bug.

UP to now, it has not bothered the Dutch theatre much. Dutch dramatists are apparently too shy to take any real advantage of the "buy Dutch" campaign (which is delightfully true to its British model); or it may be that the Dutch do not make good dramatists; or it may even be that it takes more than a slump and an autarchic yell to destroy the good sense of the Dutchman. Anyway, as an example of how things are in Holland, the new theatrical season at The Hague is dominated by the Englishmen Noel Coward, Bernard Shaw, and Edward Wooll, the German, Hans Kyser, and the Frenchmen, Verneuil and Bernstein.

In a fortnight at The Hague or Amsterdam you can see the latest stage successes of London, Paris, New York, and Berlin, produced adequately and acted as well as can be expected with material that doesn't ask for much acting. "No wonder we can't find good stuff at home," said a director. "With all the European and American stage to choose from, we're really not much better off." They are not. The producers play as safe as they can and buy the successes, which are not always successes here.

The Dutch public is not an easy one. For a play to be a success here it has to be a good play, even if Bernard Shaw has written it and some darling of the stage has consented to appear in it. In Holland, going to the theatre is neither a habit nor a social function. It is a matter of getting one's money's worth. The play must say something worth saying, or do something worth doing, and which the cinema cannot do better; otherwise the theatre remains empty in spite of brilliant *décors* and famous names, and notwithstanding the reports of nightly queues before some London, Paris, or New York theatre.

An example. Hans Kyser is probably one of the most important dramatists of the New Germany. His play, *Rembrandt vor Gericht*, was the chief event at the Deutsche Theater in the Schumannstrasse last season. A famous name, a successful play from Reinhardt's old theatre, and a Dutchman as the hero; if that cannot be successful on the Dutch stage, what can? One of the leading theatrical companies produced it in The Hague the other day. It left the public stone cold.

"FORCED MARRIAGE": A domestic drama which appealed strongly to Dutch theatre-goers

A POPULAR IMPORTATION: A picture taken during the production by the Rotterdam-Hague Stage Society of Edward Wooll's *Libel*—one of many English plays that have been put on in Holland during the past year. The author is a barrister

The play is a re-hearing, in a modern court, of Rembrandt's bankruptcy trial, which resulted at the time in the loss of his rights as a citizen. It is probably intended as a satire on the attitude of society toward men of genius. It succeeds only in showing that men of genius, as well as plain men of society, can be very boring at times, which may be true but is not very exciting. The producer at the Deutsche Theater made the best of the play's spectacular possibilities (the interposing of a ball given by Saskia; and of the cruel auction-sale of Rembrandt's pictures and his beloved head of Michelangelo), not to mention its national-socialist ethics; and the play ran for 200 performances. But neither spectacle nor national-socialist ethics are considered good theatre in Holland.

The Dutch theatre offers to an English student certain curious characteristics. The players work hard—at the drama, not at reducing their golf handicap. When playing a Noel Coward or Somerset Maugham piece their attention on the part is undivided by the "lady and gentleman" complex, so important on our own stage. They speak their lines simply and naturally, without the least necessity to convey to the audience the impression that they are intimates, the one with Roedean and the other with Eton or Harrow. They are players, and don't pretend to be anything else. And the same actor will spout Schiller one night and Noel Coward the next; and get away with it . . . at a salary which would make the English or American actor squirm for the honour of his profession.

LONG runs are exceptional in Holland. The stock-company system, on which the Dutch theatre is based, keeps bands of players permanently together and continuously in work, irrespective of the fortune which attends any single production. Their custom is to start each season with a repertory of the latest European and American plays, none of which is produced more than two or three times consecutively.

"In the repertory theatre," said the Heer van der Horst, producer and manager to one of the leading companies in Holland, and a veteran of the Dutch stage, "lies the future of the theatre. It assures good team work, provides experienced players, and makes possible the production of plays which, if they had to depend on long runs and the expensive star system, wouldn't have the slightest chance of being performed."

Thus you get the important Rotterdam-Hague Stage Society producing Kyser's *Trial of Rembrandt* in the Royal Theatre at the Hague on one night; Edward Wooll's *Libel* the next—and, as it has proved successful, repeating it in three successive performances—followed by Louis Verneuil's and Georges Berr's *Mon Crime*. The next week, *Escape Me Never*, in which London had the privilege of seeing Elisabeth Bergner, comes on, with a brilliant little Dutch actress, Annie van Ees, in Bergner's part; then a couple of nights of Shaw, with *On the Rocks*, followed by Bernstein's *Le Bonheur* and a revival of Wedekind's *Frühlingserwachen*. And so on through the season.

FOR heaven's sake don't imagine for one minute that this is highbrow theatre—an "arty," uncommercial experiment directed by over-intelligent enthusiasts. It is plain *theatre*—the only kind of theatre that stands a chance in Holland. It is, in short, a "job of work," which does not end there either. In between the performances at the big theatre in The Hague this company runs off, full strength, to give a show in Maastricht, as far away from The Hague as Edinburgh is from London; or in some other city of the provinces. The same thing is true of all the other Dutch stage societies. Between them these companies have the best players in Holland—such fine actors as Verkade, Van de Lugt Melsert, Jan Musch, Van Dalsum, etc., who can give performances equally good of Shakespeare, Coward, Bernstein, or Pirandello.

As for the acting in general, this has been influenced by the type of modern European play forced upon the Dutch stage, which calls, not always wisely, for conscious restraint. You rarely get an opportunity these days to see the Dutch actors all out. Happily, it has not gone so far as in certain other countries, where acting, like

(Continued on p. 36)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHARD OF BORDEAUX": Tilly Luss, the well-known Dutch actress, in *The Laughing Woman*, the play by Gordon Daviot which was presented in London in April of last year and which deals with the life of Gaudier-Brzeska, the French sculptor

ITALY'S NEW PROVINCE INAUGURATED

And Other Happenings Abroad

BACK TO THE LAND: Some of the 40,000 farmers, "armed" with spades, who marched past Signor Mussolini when he inaugurated, a few days ago, the new Province of Littoria which embraces the whole of the area reclaimed and about to be reclaimed from the Pontine Marshes. Thousands of families are now living in this once unhealthy and useless stretch of country, and it is hoped that when the programme of settlement is complete it will help very materially to render Italy independent of foreign sources of food supply

WARNING TO EUROPE: Signor Mussolini distributing to the settlers copies of the proclamation announcing Littoria as Italy's 93rd province. In a short speech at the inauguration ceremony he concluded with the statement that "in order that this task may not be disturbed the nation must be strongly armed. For while it is the plough that traces the furrows, it is the sword that defends the soil"

TO SWELL THE RANKS OF FRANCE'S GROWING ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED: A workman outside the Citroën car factory reading one of the notices announcing the liquidation of the company. The firm's liabilities are said to amount to well over 100,000,000 francs, and about 20,000 employees are likely to lose their jobs unless a re-organization scheme is decided upon. The Government has refused to intervene, stating that it has no right to use public money to come to the aid of a private enterprise

"LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE": The monument which has recently been unveiled at Point des Graves, the place on the French coast where General Pershing and the members of the American Expeditionary Force landed in 1917 after the United States had declared war on Germany

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN A

Pictures taken in the United States of the nbe
are at Present Playing to Packed Houses hil

"A twisted monster—all awry—as though Dame Nature, angry with h "I, work, had crumpled it in spiteful petulance": Martin Greene as Ka Gama in *Princess Ida,* the opera which was produced for the fi time at the Savoy exactly fifty-one years ago to-day

When the D'Oyly Carte Company started out on its United States to New there were many men of experience in the theatrical world who predictrece that the venture would prove a costly failure, believing, perhaps, themp fifty-year-old light operas were hardly likely to appeal to the jazz-mindea m American. Then came the opening night at the Martin Beck Theatrin N

"Will Prince Hilarion's hopes be sadly blighted? Who can tell? Will Ida break the vows that she has plighted? Who can tell?": Muriel Dickson and Derek Oldham in *Princess Ida,* which is proving one of the most popular of the operas during the D'Oyly Carte Company's American tour

"Sorry her lot who loves too well, Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly": Muriel Dickson as Josephine, the lass that loved a sailor, in *H.M.S. Pinafore*

"Oh, better far to live and die under the brave black flag I fly, than play a sanctimonio part, with a pirate head and a pirate heart": Darrell Fancourt and Dorothy Gill in t Chapel scene in *The Pirates of Penzance*

TAKE AMERICA BY STORM

nbers of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company who Philadelphia after a Prolonged New York Run

"I, humble, poor, and lowly born, the meanest in the port division—the butt of epauletted scorn—the mark of quarter-deck derision": Derek Oldham as Able Seaman Ralph Rackstraw (the sailor that loved the Captain's daughter) in *H.M.S. Pinafore*

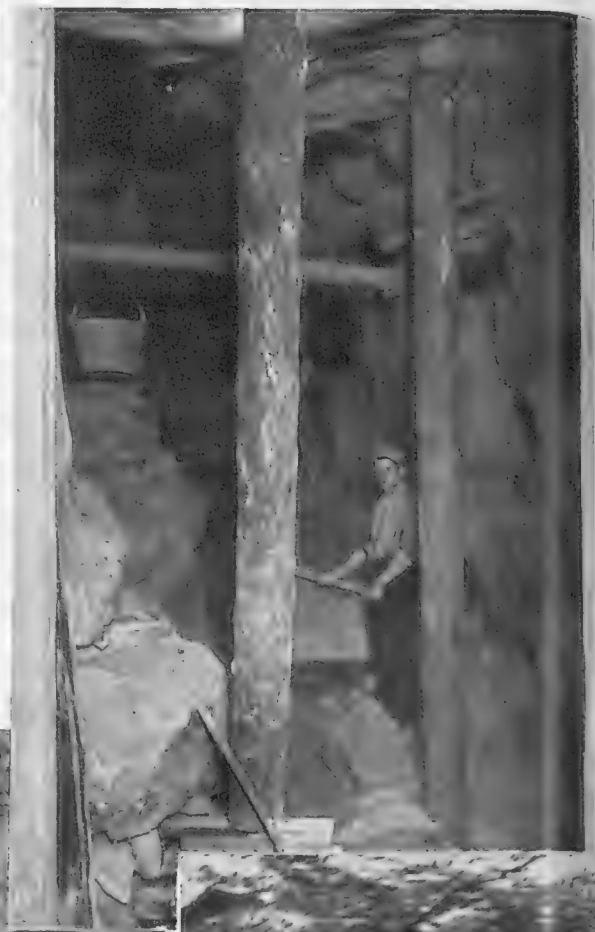
New York—the critics were confounded and the audience gave the players a reception they will never forget. For the rest of the run there was not an empty seat in the house, and the company had to prolong its stay by over a month. Now the success is being repeated in Philadelphia. The tour ends in May when the company is scheduled to return to England.

"Wherever he may go, bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go! Shout o'er the bright blue sea for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.": Martin Greene as Sir Joseph, the Ruler of the Queen's Navee, on the deck of *H.M.S. Pinafore*

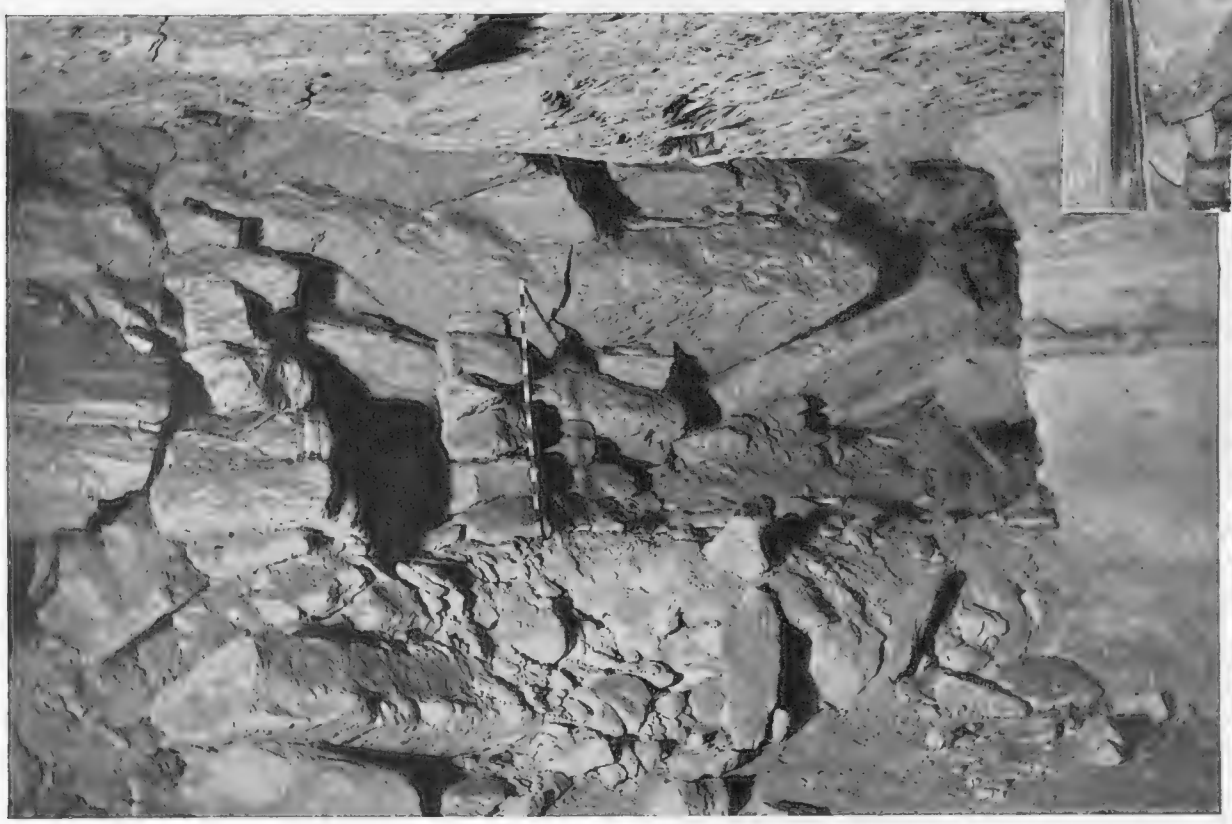
"A moderate livelihood we're gaining. In fact we rule a National School. The duties are dull, but I'm not complaining": Marjorie Eyre as Mad Margaret, a part she has often played in London, and Sydney Granville as Sir Despard Murgatroyd, the reformed baronet in *Ruddigore*

"Were I thy bride, then all the world beside were not too wide to hold my Wealth of Love": Marjorie Eyre as Phoebe in *The Yeomen of the Guard*

THE UNDERW

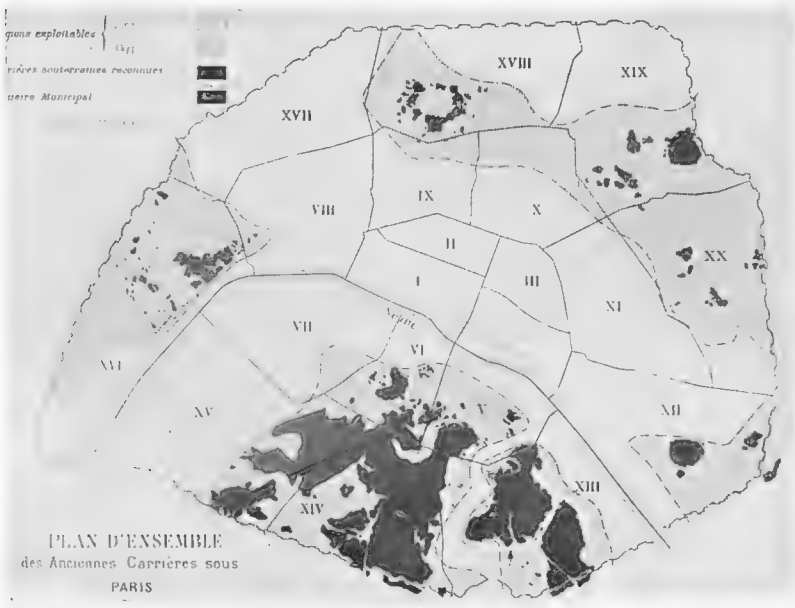


IN A DISUSED MINE: A scene in the vast maze of galleries which constitute the Paris underworld and which are so old that they are always liable to collapse, thereby imperilling the buildings above. *Right*—A roof timbered up during repair work



A CHARACTERISTIC FALL: Engineers of the Paris Mines Department are constantly inspecting the galleries and having them buttressed, but in spite of this collapses are bound to occur from time to time. The work of rebuilding is naturally very costly

A SERIOUS SUBSIDENCE: Clearing away deb business as further falls are likely



A GEOLOGICAL SURVEY: A map of Paris showing disused quarries beneath the city (marked black) and areas that could be exploited (shaded). In District XX are vast deposits of gypsum—the valuable mineral which forms the basis of plaster of Paris, and which is used so largely for industrial and medical purposes. All mining was stopped in 1813, much to the relief of property owners living above

That I live over the heart of the Paris underworld — not metaphorically but literally—is my latest discovery.

Do not mistake me, I am not reeling under the shock of learning that the uncertain temperament of my *concierge* is due to the internal conflict involved by efforts to appear comparatively blameless by day while leading a desperate band of drug traffickers by night. No, I refer to the little known fact that below 1,800 of the 18,000 acres covered by the City of Paris proper, there exist hundreds of miles of disused clay, limestone, and plaster of Paris mines. Parts of these mines are as old as the first use of bricks and mortar in Paris; for centuries men continued to undermine the city which they were steadily building up, until just 122 years ago the inevitable happened; subsidences which caused serious accidents. So in 1813 further mining was prohibited and there began on an extremely modest scale the Paris Mines Control Department which to-day employs over 500 men.

Five times in the course of every quarter the engineers of the department patrol with patient deliberation every gallery in the vast maze of the Paris underworld; their duties are to maintain the galleries in a fit state to support the burden of Paris above ground, to authorise and advise upon the erection of new buildings above mined areas, to carry out a permanent geological and hydrographic survey of the Seine Department and to bring the map of its underworld up to date. Some idea of the vastness of their task may be gathered from the fact that although this survey work began with the inauguration of the Department itself, it is not completed yet and the map-makers are likely always to be many years behind time even until the day comes when Paris above ground shall cease to exist.

I, for one, certainly did not realize that the underworld of a great city is almost as changing, under the twin architects Man and Nature, as the streets and houses that we all see above ground. From 1813 onwards, as the mines were bit by bit buttressed where they showed signs of collapse, cleared from dangerous subsidences, protected from the wandering below ground of natural streams and man-made drains and sewers, so bit by bit their galleries, their geological formations, and their waterways were mapped. The first "complete" map was published

ORLD OF PARIS

Centuries-old Mines, Sewers, and Underground Galleries which have to be Maintained in a Fit State to Support the Weight of the City

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

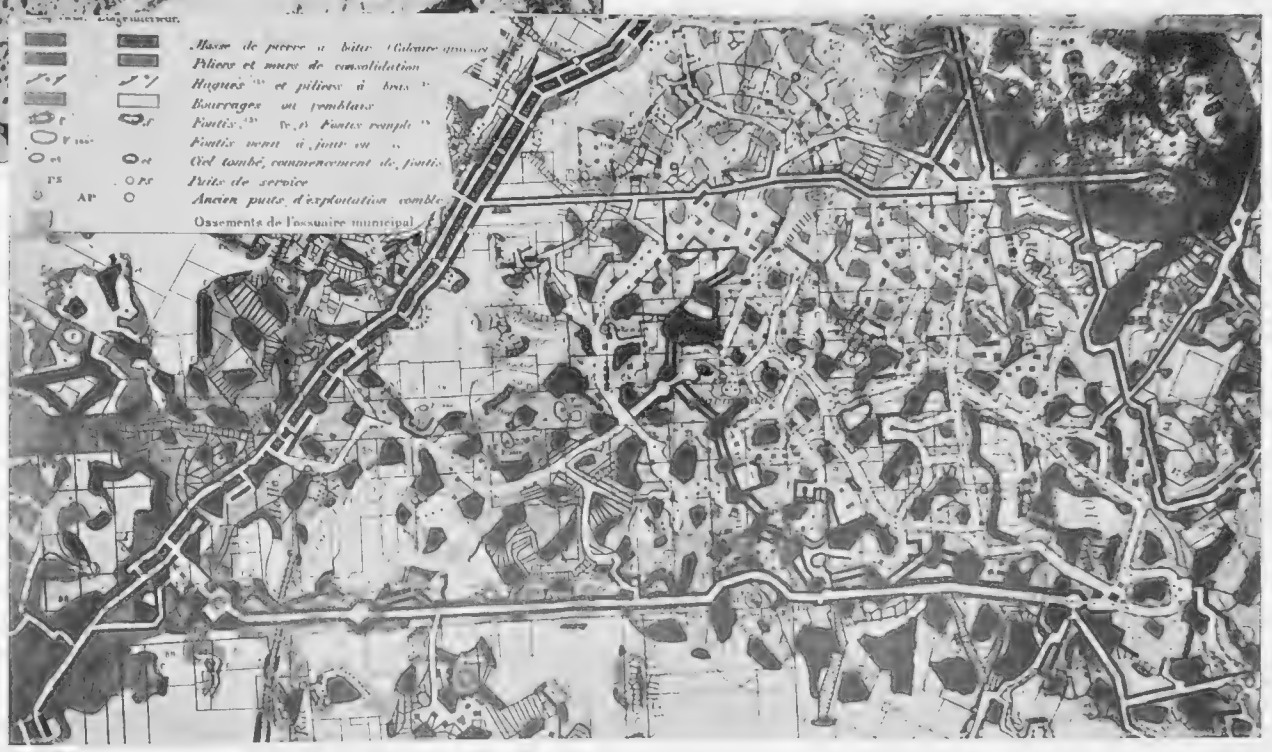
in seventeen 3 ft. by 2 ft. sheets, scaled to an inch to the mile. Unfortunately its completion coincided with a big spurt in the spread of Paris above ground. Dozens of new streets began to grow exactly over one of the biggest undermined areas, up to then neither mapped nor explored.

The necessary supplementary maps had hardly been finished when the work of fifty years was burnt to the last cinder by the great fire in the Hôtel de Ville. Then came the crippling Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the disorganising effects of which even penetrated to Paris below ground. It was not until 1895 that the task was begun all over again from scratch. The resulting map, which is not quite finished, shows the configurations of the underworld as they were fifteen years ago! The destruction of the fortified zone round Paris after the war has necessitated a re-mapping of fifteen and the addition of as many supplementary sheets. Besides the map and its supplements there exists a second series of supplements in which are recorded day by day the subterranean changes made or discovered.

Apart from the prevention of subsidences, these maps are of the utmost value to architects and all the innumerable authorities who have to burrow to construct sewers, or lay down gas and electricity mains, and who in consequence wish to know what geological formations they will have to build on, cut through, or avoid. The Mines Department deals with some 2,000 enquiries about the nature of the underworld every year. Below the living Paris that you know is a city of the dead with a population now estimated as at the very least 5,000,000. When in 1792 the cemetery of the Innocents was removed, as a measure of public health, from the site in the heart of the city occupied now by the Halles or Paris Covent Garden, the bones disinterred were deposited in a part of the most ancient quarries popularly known as the catacombs. Since then several other demolished cemeteries have helped to swell the population of what must be the biggest charnel-house in the world.

such as this is an extremely dangerous occur without warning

MADE TO TAKE THE STRAIN: A strongly-built gallery, typical of many which have had to be erected during the past hundred years



BENEATH THE MONTPARNASSE QUARTER: A plan of the "streets" below ground which gives some idea of the immense amount of work the Mines Control Department has to do to keep the underworld in proper repair. It has never been possible to bring the various maps absolutely up to date but nevertheless they are of the greatest help to those engaged in building new sewers or laying down gas and electricity mains

STORM AND SHIPWRECK

A Month of Gales and Tragedies

LAST MOMENTS OF A LINER: A dramatic picture of the 9,763-ton Royal Holland Lloyd steamer, *Orania*, of the Amsterdam–Buenos Aires service, as she was sinking in Leixoes Harbour, Portugal, after having been rammed by a vessel half her size. She went down in thirty minutes, but a number of small craft put out from the shore and succeeded in rescuing all the 122 passengers and the crew. *Below*—The liner plunging to the bottom

MAROONED BY MOUNTAINOUS SEAS: The Bishop Rock Lighthouse, near the Scilly Isles, round which violent storms have been raging for several weeks past. *Left*—An Aberdeen trawler making her way out to the fishing grounds in the teeth of a gale

WILD DECEMBER'S FURY: Another fine study of an Aberdeen trawler battling with heavy seas. Conditions on the Atlantic have been even worse; the Newcastle steamer, *Ushworth*, was sunk in mid-ocean; the Norwegian cargo steamer, *Sisto*, was battered into a state of helplessness; while the *Bayano*, an Elders and Fyffes' liner bound from the West Indies to Avonmouth, lost much of her deck cargo and received considerable damage to her superstructure

ANGER: A fine picture of a Bateleur eagle from Central Africa showing its immense wing spread. This species is notable for its short tail and for the fact that it is bare legged, the feathers being restricted to the upper part of the limbs

INTERESTING INMATES

of the Whipsnade and London Zoos

Left—A NEW ARRIVAL: A remarkable-looking lizard from South America which is now in the London Zoo

Left—THE SCRUM: An amusing study taken a few days ago at Whipsnade. *Right*—COLD COMFORT: Tom, the Fennec fox, wrapped up well against the chills of winter. This delicately formed little creature, with its large eyes and enormous ears, is found in the deserts of North Africa and in some parts of Asia. Unlike the common fox it excavates its own home, and is able to dig so rapidly that it can often hide in this manner when pursued. It is said to be extremely easy to tame if captured young

The Sheriffs of England

And Their Little-known Duties

By CHARLES GRAVES

GREETING THE JUDGE WITH A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS: The heraldic pennants are supplied by the High Sheriff—only one of many bills which he has to foot when the Assizes are being held

In just under a month—to be exact, on the morrow of the Feast of Purification—the monarch will be the central figure in one of the most picturesque ceremonies still extant in this age of industry.

Taking the golden bodkin which Queen Victoria first used, he will make a series of pricks in a parchment engrossed with the names of the prospective High Sheriffs of this country, for that is how they are officially elected and approved. They have been chosen many months ago by their predecessors in office, and on the morrow of St. Martin, which is November 12, they were nominated in the presence of the Lord President of the Council, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, certain judges and the Clerk of the Privy Council in the Royal Courts of Justice. Here the King's Remembrancer reads out the names of the nominees for service as High Sheriff in the preceding year. These names are then struck out and the new names are read out by the King's Remembrancer and nominated for the forthcoming year. Excuses, such as want of sufficient means, are sometimes made in open court, but as a general rule all excuses are forwarded previously to the office of the Privy Council.

Once you have been actually nominated, only an Act of Parliament will exempt you from this ancient office.

The Sheriffs' Rolls in the possession of the Public Record Office go back to the reign of Henry VIII, and there is even a fragment of a Roll of Henry VI. It was not, apparently, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the process of "pricking" began, and the Rolls received the royal-signed manual.

The origin of the practice of pricking is often attributed to the supposed Royal inability to write. In this connection I may quote from the first volume of the memoirs of Sir Almeric Fitzroy:—"The King evinced much interest in the document, and asked the Lord President how long it has been used. The Duke looked blankly at me, and I had the wit to say, 'It dates from the time when Your Majesty's ancestors were more expert with the sword than the pen.' This was well received." Another theory is that the parchment roll was brought to Queen Elizabeth when she was doing her needlework, and she used a bodkin as the handiest implement for the purpose.

Though they no longer have any military duties to perform no fewer than seven of the new High Sheriffs for 1935 hold the rank of colonel, a similar number hold the rank of captain, while three are majors. There are three Baronets including Sir Christopher Magnay, Sir Lionel Halsey, and the Rev. Sir Stanley Dewey. There is also Sir William Rylands.

High Sheriffs before entering office have to make a declaration that they will well and truly serve the King, which declaration must be lodged with the Clerk of the Peace for the County for filing in his office. Also, within a month of his appointment being gazetted, the High Sheriff must appoint an Under-Sheriff. The latter is a solicitor and performs all the judicial and other duties of the office, with a few exceptions, when the presence of the High Sheriff is necessary. The High Sheriff also appoints bailiffs and sheriffs' officers for the purpose of summoning juries, collecting fines, executing writs, and so on. They are usually paid by salary.

The emoluments to which a High Sheriff is entitled are few. In theory he can claim the expenses incurred for receiving Judges of Assize and providing them with accommodation and also with the costs of the summoning of juries. This is known delightfully enough as a "Bill of Cravings," but it amounts to very little. It is a fact that the late Lord Ashton spent £10,000 during his year as High Sheriff. In the ordinary way the High Sheriff is likely to spend anything between £700 and £2,000; that is apart from all the extra subscriptions which fall to his lot. His chief expenses consist of entertaining the visiting Judge three times a year. He has to pay for his upkeep and in one county this comes to £50 a week merely for the lease of the Judge's lodgings, for the High Sheriff is not allowed to put him up at his own house—I suppose for fear that he might "get at" him.

A. S. MITCHELL, ESQ., HIGH SHERIFF OF LANCASHIRE, 1933-34: A painting by T. C. Dugdale, R.O.I., which was exhibited at the recent exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly

Yet his chauffeur, butler, footmen all have to have new liveries for the occasion. He has to pay for the javelin men as they are called. He has, at any rate in this particular county, to provide a number of heraldic pennants at £16 each for the trumpets. If he has not a motor car with the front seats facing the bonnet he has to secure one, for the judge must ride in public in the same kind of state as the King.

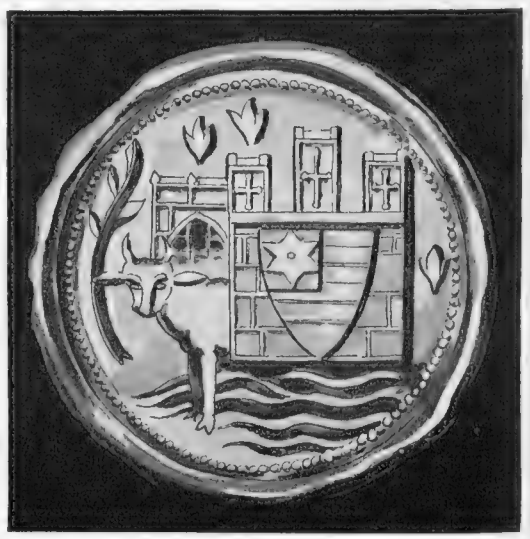
The High Sheriff must also do a good deal of entertaining, and show hospitality to the thirty or forty magistrates in the county. In return for all this he takes precedence of everybody in the county except the Lord Lieutenant, though it was only thirty-five years ago that it was finally decided that the Lord Lieutenant was senior. The High Sheriff has no uniform; on the other hand he has the rather grisly duty of seeing that executions are properly carried out. In point of fact, he usually hands over this task to his Deputy-Sheriff.

At Parliamentary elections the High Sheriff is the Returning Officer to whom the writ is addressed and in addition to its being his duty to suppress any unlawful assemblies and riots, it also rests with him to publish any Royal Proclamations. The latter duty is as old as 1215, when it fell to him to proclaim Magna Carta. Administratively he still receives and executes writs of the High Court, and as the King's representative it is his duty to receive, attend, and guard the Judges of Assize. On one occasion it is said that a High Sheriff was fined 500 guineas for being in a shooting coat when receiving a Judge.

As I have said, the High Sheriff is still responsible for the summoning of the juries for both Assizes and Quarter Sessions. In early times he also performed military duties as head of the county militia. These duties were taken away from him in Tudor times.

In former days it was also the duty of the High Sheriff to administer all Crown Lands, buildings, and revenues in the county. At one time, too, he was nominally responsible for the control and maintenance of the county gaols. So much of his duties have been stripped from him, however, that on one occasion a woman was actually made a High Sheriff. The Sheriff can still, however, hold certain Courts for inquisitions and extents of lands, and also for the assessment of compensation on compulsory purchase of land under the Land Clauses Act.

By the by, there is only one county in England which does not have a High Sheriff—that is Huntingdon. For this purpose Huntingdon is lumped in with Cambridge.



SYMBOL OF OFFICE: This seal was used by Gilbert Wace, a Sheriff of Oxford in the fourteenth century, and is the oldest of its kind in existence

The Camera in the Country

THE FLIGHT THAT FAILED: Herr Gerhard Zucker, the German inventor, watching his rocket soar into the air from Lymington golf course, Hants. It carried 600 letters destined for delivery in the Isle of Wight, three miles away, but unfortunately it came to earth before leaving the mainland, and the letters had to be picked up and posted in the ordinary way

SCOTLAND'S ONLY WOMAN COURSING TRAINER: Miss Bessie Graham of Powderhall with two of her charges at a recent meeting at Bonnington, near North Berwick

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS: A collapsible canoe on a turbulent stretch of the Wye, near Hereford. These craft appear to be becoming increasingly popular in this country

A HELPING HAND: The London steamer *Aqueity*, which was jammed for two days at Countess Wear Bridge, near Exeter, and only released after a number of farmers in the neighbourhood had lent their horses to drag her clear

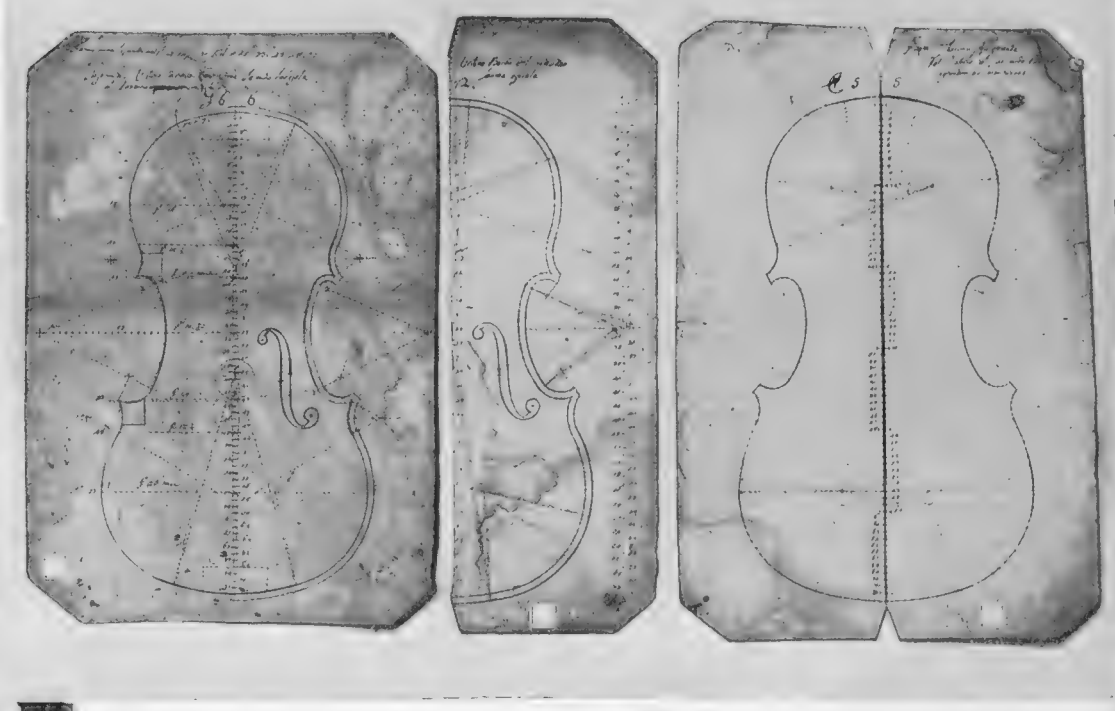
HUNTING IN WILTSHIRE AND DEVON: *Above*—The Wylye Valley Hounds leading the field to the first covert after a meet at Norton Bavant, near Warminster, on the morning after the hunt ball. *Right*—The Modbury Harriers in the picturesque village of Holbeton. This pack, which was established in the middle of the last century, hunts over an area of about 20 sq. miles, including a portion of Dartmoor

THE SECRET OF STRADIVARIUS

CREMONA CATHEDRAL: In the shadow of this tower Antonio Stradivarius was born, lived, and died, but to-day, less than 200 years after his death, practically nothing is known about him, and the secret of his success as a violin maker remains as much a mystery as ever

"STRADIVARIUS IN HIS WORKSHOP": A reproduction from the painting by E. Hamman

GIUSEPPE FIORINI: The Italian violin maker who gave his Stradivarius relics to Cremona. He died recently in Germany, where he had lived for a considerable part of his life



THE PLANS OF A MASTER: Original designs for violins by Stradivarius, which were presented to the Civic Museum, Cremona, by Giuseppe Fiorini. They are of the greatest interest but provide no clue as to how Stradivarius obtained that quality of tone that has never since been equalled

The Violin Maker of Cremona whose Genius Lives on in the Instruments which Only He Could Create

ONCE more limelight is thrown on the name of Antonio Stradivarius, following the announcement from Chicago that an antiquarian living in California has at last discovered the "secret of Stradivarius" to be no more than the presence of Tirolese resin in the varnishes used by the king of violin makers.

But in Cremona where he was born in or about 1644, they are scoffing at this sensational news, as several samples of his varnishes are extant, and have been analysed.

A very distinguished violin maker now living there, uses "Stradivarius" varnish on his finest instruments, which he often presents to musical or political "first fiddles"—Mussolini has received one, and also Hitler! These violins are very fine, but none has the tone of a *real* "Strad," one of those unpretentious, almost shabby, little instruments with voices of incredible power and sweetness.

The fruits of Antonio Stradivarius's genius keep us enthralled in concert halls, or breathless in auction rooms while their prices soar to dizzy heights; but of the man who made them, what do we know? World-wide fame blazing about his name has long blinded us to the fact that we have little more than a name to admire and revere!

A few dry facts have emerged from legal documents; a "presumed" portrait, accepted in the absence of a fully authenticated one, has put a face to the name; but the story of his life and work is shrouded in thick veils of mystery, at which antiquarians and scientists alike tear and slash unceasingly.

It was a great event for the seekers when Signor Giuseppe Fiorini, an Italian violin maker living in Germany, where he has lately died, gave back to the town of Cremona the models, tools, drawings, and other relics of her greatest son.

Over one hundred precious objects, forming the unique collection bought by Count Cozio Salabue, from the son of "Stradivarius," returned at last to Cremona, to be housed in a special room of the Civic Museum; the truly princely gift of an artisan with the soul of an artist!

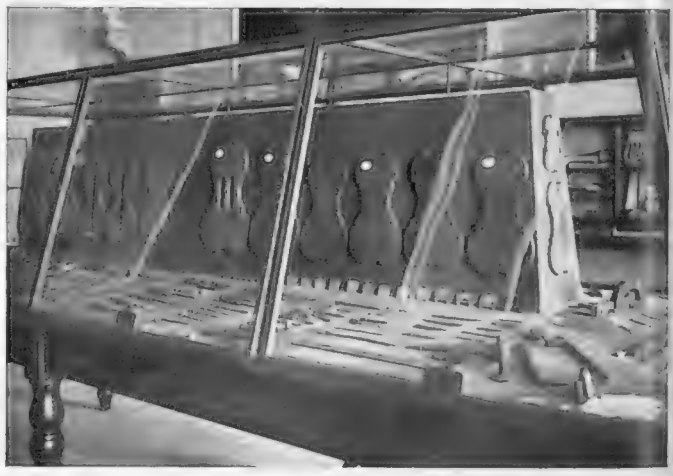
Here the passionate pilgrim of musical art may now pay homage to an immortal memory; here violin makers may examine drawings and models, anxiously seeking the elusive "secret." *Why* have Antonio Stradivarius's violins a depth of tone no other instrument made earlier or later can equal? Where is the secret?

Volumes have been written about it; theories built up and broken down; all the resources of scientific research have been called upon; only to reveal the astonishing fact that each one of his violins differs in some way from its fellows.

The *real* secret of Stradivarius may be understood, but never made use of by common mortals, for beyond the use of the best materials, *he had no trade secret!*

His was the secret of every great artist; intelligence keener than normal, perception so fine as to grasp the elusive laws of harmony, and power to translate them for humanity.

His super-human fineness of hearing could detect the fundamental note singing in each piece of wood at the gentle tapping of his finger-nail. He used no discordant piece, so the secret harmony of its several pieces gave each violin its perfect tone. No two violins were exactly alike, no two violins ever can be, for no two pieces of wood even if cut from the same log, have precisely the same number and density of fibres.



THE OBJECT OF PILGRIMAGE: The tools used by the great violin maker displayed in Cremona Civic Museum

So the Secret faded as the great brain declined and passed into Nothing, as the modest genius perhaps foresaw and wished. "Antonio Nihil"—Anthony Nothing—was the name he chose to be known by in a religious brotherhood to which he was affiliated.

This choice was prophetic: his heirs took to another trade and sold all his tools; his house was demolished; and his tomb having been destroyed, all trace of his earthly frame is lost for ever!

In 1869 a church was demolished in Cremona to make room for a public garden. In the Stradivarius tomb three skulls, believed to be those of Antonio, his wife, and a daughter, were found and taken home by the contractor. After some time, being "tired of seeing them knocking about, and played with by the children" he took them to the cemetery, where they were thrown into the common ossary.

Thus the mortal case of a unique genius returned to nothing, and beyond a few fitful gleams of light, his human personality has vanished into the shadows. Only a great name remains, and a divine voice, reaching every heart in the audience whenever a master violinist draws his bow across a Stradivarius violin.

Contessa W. Terni de Gregory

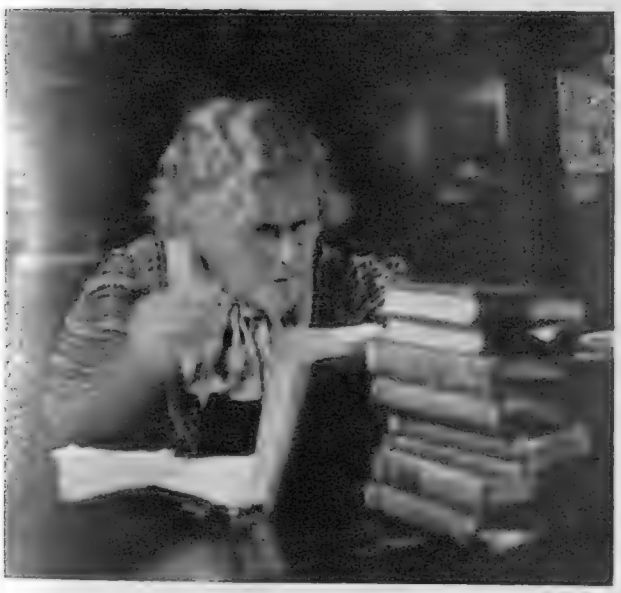
"SILENCE, PLEASE"

Types in the British Museum Reading Room

DILIGENT REFERENCE: Searching through the catalogues. An every-day scene in the British Museum Library—the hall of perpetual silence, the haunt of students, authors, research workers, and the usual band of regulars. To-day the younger generation appears to frequent this reading-room much more than once it did

AN EASTERN STUDENT in the treasure house of Western learning

GOLDEN NOTES AMID MUSTY TOMES: Copying out a work by one of the lesser-known composers



CONCENTRATION: Trying to solve a knotty problem—an enthusiastic research worker

PREPARING A LECTURE? Taking notes from a reference book

AN HABITUÉ: One of the many studious characters who are regular visitors to the library

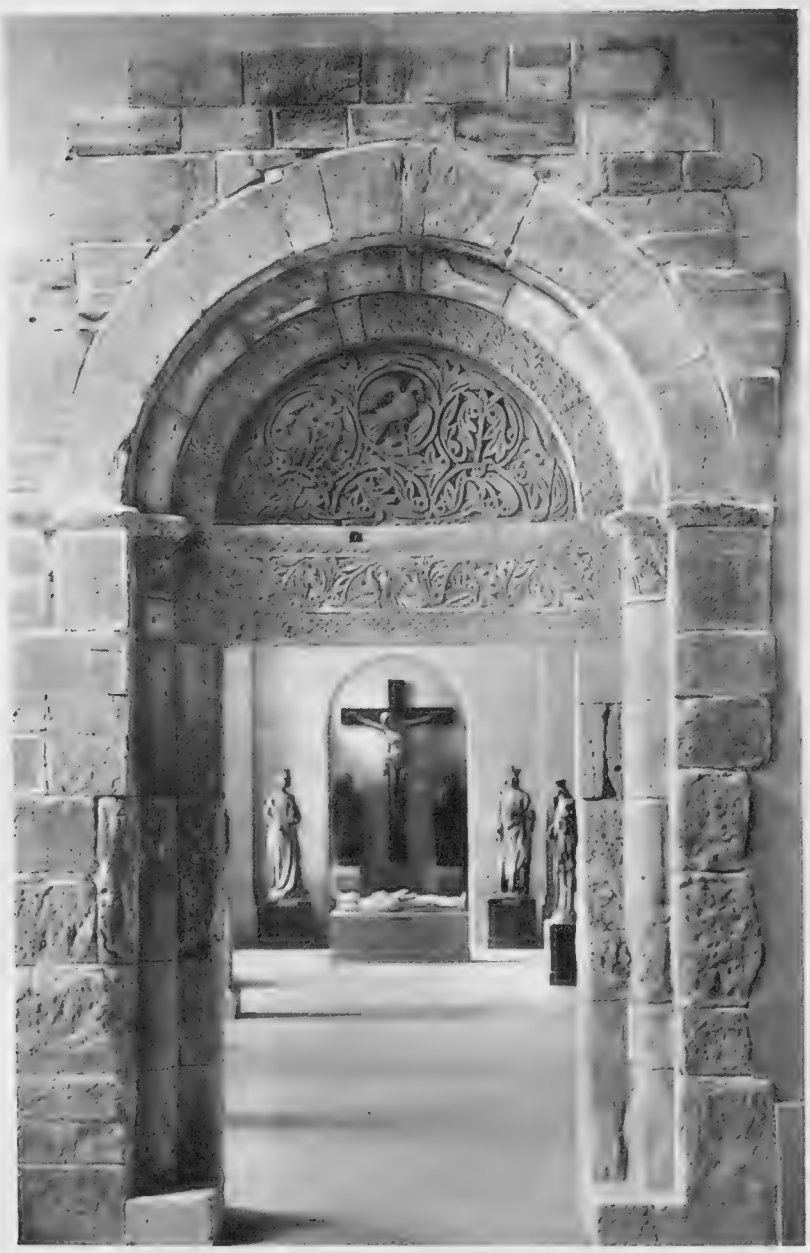
ALONE IN A CROWD

Two studies in absorption at the reading desks.
(Pictures by Dorien Leigh)

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN

The Renovation of the Louvre

THE HALL OF SPHINXES: During the past twelve months the authorities at the Louvre have been carrying out an extensive improvement scheme and many of the galleries have been completely renovated. In "The Sphere" of July 28 of last year pictures were given of the new setting provided for the Winged Victory of Samothrace at the head of the widened Daru stairway, and the illustrations on this page show what has been done in other sections of the famous museum. It will be noted that the walls, once elaborately decorated, are now severely simple and there is no longer anything to distract the eye from the exhibits



LA PORTE d'ESTAGEL: A fine example of twelfth-century Romanesque art which has been set up as a doorway between two of the redecorated sculpture rooms

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE SCULPTURE: The semi-circular panel above the doorway is by Cellini, and the two statues on square pedestals are the work of Michael Angelo. The archway on the right, surmounted by a magnificent figure of Mercury, leads to an underground gallery which is now being reconstructed and where lesser works of the Renaissance period are to be exhibited

"DIM RELIGIOUS LIGHT": One end of the gallery of Italian sculpture. The central figure is that of the Virgin Mary by Jacopo della Quercia

The Royal Academy Exhibition —Chess at Hastings—The Start of the Sales

FINAL PREPARATIONS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE for the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art in Industry which has been organized to bring about closer co-operation between the artist and the manufacturer, and which was scheduled to be opened by the Prince of Wales on Friday of this week. *Left*—Building a formal garden in one of the galleries. The beautiful wrought-iron gates have been designed by the Birmingham Guild, and the background is the work of George Sheringham. *Right*—Arranging the National Book Council's display. About twenty architects are responsible for the various settings, and about £10,000 has been spent on alterations which have rendered the familiar galleries almost unrecognisable

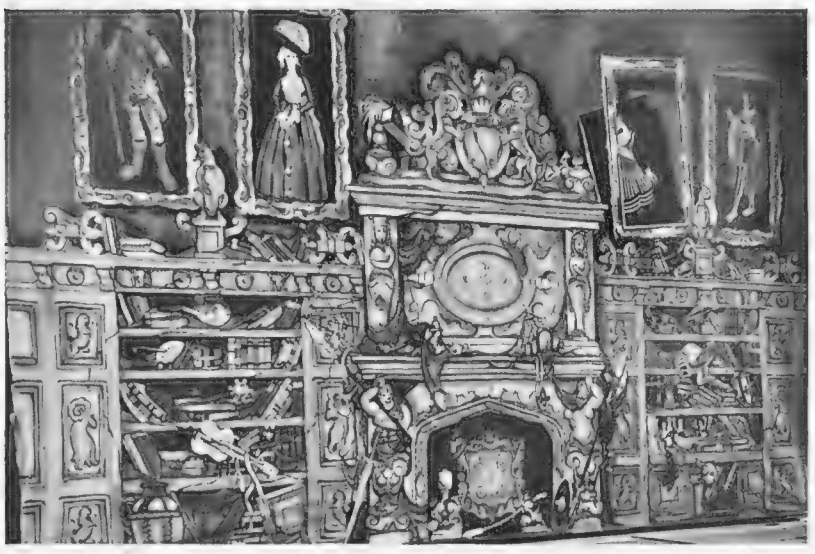
AT THE DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY: Early arrivals at John Barker's, Kensington, waiting to be admitted on the opening day of the January Sales. Similar scenes were witnessed all over London, and there is no doubt that the spending power of the public is much greater to-day than it was this time last year

THE AIR MINISTER IN A NEW ROLE: Viscountess Castlereagh as a sailor, the Marquess of Londonderry as General Monk, Lady Mary Stewart as Charles II, and Mr. Basil Kennedy as Prince Rupert, dressed for their parts in an historical play entitled *Hide and Seek* which they presented on New Year's Eve at Mount Stewart, Lord Londonderry's home in Northern Ireland

SESSIONS OF SILENT THOUGHT: Studies in concentration at the Chess Congress which was held in Hastings this week. *Extreme left*—G. Koltanowski, who is taking part in the Premier Reserves Tournament. *Left centre*—J. R. Capablanca, who was world champion from 1921 to 1927, and who is still one of the most outstanding figures in the game. *Right centre*—Rupert Cross, a blind player. *Extreme right*—Sir George Thomas, the British champion, who defeated Capablanca on the opening day, and followed up his success with another brilliant win in sixty moves over Botwinnik of Russia

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT: Cinderella (June) meets Prince Charming (Phyllis Neilson-Terry) in the forest. One of eight episodes from this year's pantomime at Drury Lane which are depicted on this and the following page

THE FOREST IN SPRING: Prince Charming declares his love for Cinderella, the harshly-treated and raggedly-dressed daughter of Baron Mumm



BARON MUMM'S LIBRARY: One of the very effective back-cloths designed and painted by Edward Delany. According to Mr. Philip Page the scenic effects are one of the outstanding feaiures of the show

STAGE and SCREEN

Reviewed by

PHILIP PAGE

It is a Belisha Beacon pantomime season, and their unanimity is wonderful.

In my extreme youth I was taken to pantomimes when the Trilby boom was on, when every other comedian sang of Trilby hats and Trilby feet, and much capital they made of it, though a very small "we" was not amused. That was nothing to this Belisha business. By good luck or good judgment an energetic politician has secured most telling publicity; since the days of the Gladstone collars there has been nothing in the parliamentary world to rival it. The pantomimes have joined in the cause, and it is a safe bet that a pantomime king will have a B. Beacon for a sceptre, a pantomime dame one for "her" hatpin, and the good fairy one to wave as a magic wand. In an important production there is a positive grove of them.

Is a B. Beacon funny? Or, what is more to the point, is a stage reference to one funny? Judging by the applause and laughter the whole topic is uproariously funny. The comedians have thus been saved a deal of trouble, for this is a trump card. When in doubt, play a beacon is the motto. And Cox and Box and Mr. Belisha are satisfied. On whomsoever the mantle of Belisha eventually falls, he will be hard put to it to find a better expedient for that without which even Cabinet Ministers find it hard to live.

Cindereila at Drury Lane I found fairly good to good, duly beaconed. But shining lights of the non-beacon sort are not exactly plentiful. Indeed, there is only one—June. She has a *cachet* decidedly lacking among her colleagues. Histrionically, Cinderella has nothing to do but look prettily pathetic, in which June found no difficulty. But her dancing is exquisite (we might have had more of it), she sings quite attractively "in a miniature, miniature sort of a way," and her personality, coupled with the aforementioned assets, make her the best "Cinders" I have ever seen.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's Prince Charming is prince-like in appearance but not very charming. Principal boys should be "dashing"; yet there are different ways of being dashing and Miss Neilson-Terry seems to have chosen the wrong one, the right one being the thigh-slapping, here-we-are-again-boys attitude of many a stalwart pantomime divinity I could name.

Moreover, minute soprano notes in *alt.* coming from that Juno-esque frame were, frankly, a little odd; "high-piping Pehlevi" would have been ill at ease with tights and a swagger. When the Prince sang a duet with Cinderella, June (whose voice, I repeat, is tiny), seemed, none the less, a Clara Butt in comparison.

Mr. Dan Leno Junior is a vastly lesser, as well as a junior, Dan Leno. He has his effective moments, however, works hard, and falls about the stage noisily and indefatigably. Mr. Billy Danvers exploits the conventional humour and equally conventional pathos of Buttons, sings a chorus song well, and even made a first-night audience sing with him. Neat and natty and vivacious is Miss Clarice Hardwicke—an ideal Dandini, with a well-sung and well-produced ditty, during which the ladies of the chorus waved long strips of paper in a maze of movement. The clever hand of the late Julian Wylie is evident in the scenic effects and there are pictures which are both ingenious and beautiful. But the movement is too slow and the humour is spread very thin. It is, in fact, June's pantomime. It could not be in more graceful charge.

UGLY SISTERS: Ethel Revnell as Maxie Mumm and Gracie West as Minnie Mumm, Cinderella's "high-hat" step-sisters whose ceaseless flow of back-chat keeps the audience rocking with laughter

Lyceum.—Leaving *Buckie's Bears* to fight it out with *Peter Pan*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Toad of Toad Hall*, I confined the remainder of my seasonable theatre-going to *Dick Whittington* at the Lyceum. A happy choice. This is excellent fun, which no pantomime which has Mr. George Jackley as, in every sense, its big noise could ever fail to be.

Mr. Jackley—the whole thing works according to the familiar plan—again wears his black and yellow tights, his whitened expression of indignation. Again he conjures the little girls and the little boys and the big girls and the big boys—and, perhaps, just the boys—to join with him in a nonsensical song with an easy tune. Again he has an irresistible scene of lunatic muddling—this time as a Chinese "magician"—with Messrs. Naughton and Gold, who are *gamins* of infinite jest and fancy. Yet Mr. Jackley always has something fresh for us—a fine comedian and in his province a very great one.

It is the fashion to ask what Mr. Jackley does in the summer time. I understand he does a bit of music-hall work and a bit of fishing. I suggest that Mr. Sydney Carroll should attempt next year to entice him from the halls and his fishing-rod with bait big enough to induce him to play Bottom in Regent's Park. He would "roar an' 'twere any nightingale," and the lions in the Zoo would relish the near presence of a rival.

For the rest, *Dick Whittington* has a pretty principal girl in Miss Audrey Acland, all tresses and distresses, and as a dame Mr. Dick Henderson, who does not seem to find it incongruous to sing, in ludicrous costume and make-up, a perfectly serious song about, so far as I can remember, the sacredness of the silver hairs

Belisha Beacons and Christmas Pantomimes—"Cinderella" at Drury Lane, "Dick Whittington" at the Lyceum : Garbo Returns in "The Painted Veil"— The Film Version of a Somerset Maugham Story

of an aged mother. Which was, perhaps, the funniest part of Mr. Henderson's performance.

The Lyceum ballet lasts long enough for the comedians to enjoy a chop and a bottle of beer, which may be the intention. It was a bit too long for me, though it is a splendid and thickly-populated affair with no damned nonsense about art in any moment of it.

The scenery resembles the hideously garish vases which one's fingers itch to sweep with a mighty smash from the mantelpieces of the Philistines. And that is just as it should be, and is at one with the scent of the oranges and the squawks of delighted kiddies. In short, it is part of the spirit of Lyceum pantomime, which is the right spirit. This one is, I think, the jolliest of a long and jolly line, and I would willingly see the show again from beginning to end, including that ballet.

Garbo's Latest.—I noticed under the strange heading "Yuletide Film Fare" the latest film in which Miss Greta Garbo appears, *The Painted Veil*.

Now I would not care to suggest that either Miss Garbo or that very brilliant dramatist and novelist, Mr. Somerset Maugham, is exactly loaded to the Plimsoll mark with the Christmas atmosphere. The former has, of course, glamour, to which I remain unregenerately impervious, though its existence is axiomatic. But she is still a tense and gloomy young woman, who varies neither her mood nor her technique. Both have served her well (I learn that she netted £63,000 from *The Painted Veil*), so she would be as ill-advised to change the bowling as would the Brothers Melville at the Lyceum.

Hollywood appears to have done extraordinary things to Mr. Maugham's story in order to Garbonise it; the core of it—a woman who marries a doctor, is unfaithful, and atones by nursing in a cholera epidemic in China—was always sufficiently typical. There is a welter of talk, none the less, in addition to the representation of a Chinese festival in which the producer has been able to let himself go in spectacular effect, and much of it is singularly undramatic talk.

Miss Garbo, square of jaw and deep of voice, plays much as she did in *Grand Hotel*, but is rather better photographed. Early in the film there is a mild suggestion of gaiety, which is hushed instantly, as if a child had giggled in a sermon. To Mr. Herbert Marshall has been allotted the honour of playing "opposite" the Garbo, and it is obvious that he appreciates it most earnestly.

Inquests on the past theatrical year provide food for thought. Cheerful thought, I venture to think, in the case of 1934. In spite of dismal prophecies, the measure of success attained has been, generally speaking, considerable.

The plays which have had short runs have deserved them; indeed, I can count on the fingers of one hand the plays which, over a number of years, have, notwithstanding true merit, failed to attract. One significant feature has been a certain disappointment afforded by authors of eminence. Clemence Dane's *Moonlight is Silver*, Gordon Daviot's *Queen of Scots*, and John van Druten's *Flowers of the Forest* were on the poor side, nor was *Conversation Piece* up to Noel Coward's usual form by a very long chalk. Sean O'Casey's *Within the Gates* I thought pretentious, bad-tempered, and rather silly, and it did not last long at the Royalty, though it is now doing extremely well in America.

On the other hand Miss Dodie Smith's already high reputation went up a peg or two with *Touch Wood* and Messrs. W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney have achieved cash and kudos with *Clive of India*—good plays both. *Vintage Wine*, ingenious rather than brilliant, owed its long run to the superb performances of Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Claire Luce. Other plays which were, or are, well worth seeing in their various categories include *Reunion in Vienna*, *Theatre Royal*, *Lucky Break*, *Sweet Aloes*, *Lover's Leap*, *Family Affairs*, and *Eden End*.

Disasters bordering on the sensational have been *The Golden Toy* at the Coliseum and *Josephine* at His Majesty's.

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT FOR ONE: While Prince Charming woos Cinderella in the kitchen, the Baron's page (Billy Danvers) looks on from the stairway and realises that he has no chance against such a rival

TRANSFORMATION OF A PUMPKIN: The Fairy Godmother (Faith Bennett) brings into being the fairy coach, and Cinderella, a radiant figure in white, sets out for the Ball

BEAUTY AT THE BALL: Prince Charming meets Cinderella and is bewitched by her loveliness, but fails to realize that he has met her before. As they are about to dance, the Demon Killjoy puts on the hands of the clock to the fatal hour of twelve, when, if Cinderella does not leave, she will be revealed to the guests in the tattered clothes which she wore before the coming of the Fairy Godmother

THE ENCHANTED LAKE: Prince Charming recovers the slipper which the Demon maliciously threw into the water

Pictures taken for "The Sphere" by A. Console

BEAUTIES OF BURMA: Two studies of the giraffe-necked women of Padaung whose visit to London has created such interest. From infancy they have had their throats encircled in these tight-fitting brass bands, a new ring having been added each year until they reached maturity to increase the distortion and, in the eyes of their menfolk, to enhance their looks. Note the peculiar and cumbersome ornaments worn in the ears

RUMMY: Mu Kuan, Mu Proa, and Mu Ba, playing cards in their London hotel

"RINGING" UP: Another picture taken at the hotel where the Padaung women are staying. Even at night they do not remove their brass rings

The Brass-Necked Ladies of Padaung

One of the Star Attractions at the Olympia Circus and Fun Fair

TO WHAT length of physical discomfort will a woman submit in order to evoke the admiration of men and the envy of other women?

In the Padaung villages of Upper Burma the answer is approximately 16 in., for that is the length to which the "Giraffe Women" of these parts frequently suffer their necks to be stretched in accordance with the dictates of tribal fashion.

Three of these long-necked ladies are now on view at the Olympia Circus. At the sight of them one is reminded of the ancient Chinese practice of bandaging the feet to make them small, of the wild women of Borneo who stretch the lobes of their ears until they dangle upon their shoulders, and of the old Congo custom of distending the lips by inserting plates in them. But the "Giraffe Women" have gone to even greater extremes, for their upper vertebrae are so dislocated that they are obliged to wear their heavy brass collars day and night in order to keep their heads in position.

The Padaungs are of Mongolian extraction and live in the remote foothills far to the north of Mandalay. The tribal custom of stretching the necks of female children and encasing them with spirals of heavy brass has existed for so long that the natives themselves cannot tell how or when it originated. All they know is that the length of the neck is the criterion of feminine beauty, and the girl who wears the most brass has the highest prospects in the marriage market. The mothers perform the ritual upon their daughters in secret and the method is never disclosed. Apart from physical distortion, the process is apparently a painful one, for the collar is a continuous spiral of solid brass which presumably must be heated in order to render it sufficiently pliable to be wound round the neck.

From time to time as the girl grows up a new coil of greater length is substituted. Finally, a number of additional rings are added to the lower part of the collar, which sits upon the shoulders. These rings are clamped together by a small spiral coil worn at the back which serves to force the main collar upwards and which is detached to allow the wearer a little freedom when sleeping. But no part of the collar is ever removed, and the women cheerfully go through life with a burden of at least 45 lb. round their necks and probably another 10 lb. in the form of similar coils on their legs. Incidentally they wash their necks by pushing wisps of damp straw round the inside of their collars, pipe cleaner fashion.

Mr. Howard Y. Bary, an American who visited their villages 300 miles beyond the nearest railhead, states that he found Padaung women all wearing these lofty collars and yet going about their daily work without the least sign of discomfort. By making gifts of axes, knives, coloured cloth, and silver coins he eventually persuaded three of them to accompany him to civilisation, together with two of their men-folk. Mu Kuan, the youngest, aged twenty-four, is considered the belle of the trio as she has the longest neck; she is married and has brought her husband with her. The other women are Mu Proa, aged twenty-five, unmarried, and Mu Ba, aged thirty-eight, a widow. Maung Sari, a native who speaks a little English and acts as interpreter, completes the party.

The "Giraffe Women" are obviously proud of their long necks, and take a delight in displaying them to visitors. Whilst in the fun fair they pass their time in playing with coins, drawing pictures, and occasionally in playing Western card games which they have learned. As the Padaungs are notoriously fond of gambling, however, this last pastime has to be restricted. They are also fond of collecting small silver coins, which they wear as ornaments at the ends of long chains attached to their ears.

They have come to this country from America where, incidentally, one of them was X-rayed. The photograph revealed that four of the vertebræ normally belonging to the thorax had been drawn up into the neck and that the thorax itself had become distorted, causing the upper part of the lungs to collapse. Yet all of the women appear to be quite healthy and happy.

They are shortly to return to Burma, and it is highly improbable that England will ever see any "Giraffe Women" again. No doubt they will take back to their native village many stories of the strange sights they have witnessed in their travels, particularly of the white women who so unashamedly expose their necks, paint their finger nails, and pluck their eyebrows in the belief that it makes them beautiful.

Fenn Sherie

ELF or ANGEL

Halo Hats and Puckish Caps Herald the New Millinery Modes

Those who can wear off-the-forehead hats are going to be extremely fortunate this Spring, for the earliest arrivals are already in London, and there can be no doubt that they will be very popular. Photographed above is Suzanne Talbot's brown felt model with a halo composed of flowers, in the centre of each of which is a glittering gold stud. It costs 52s. 6d. at Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

Rather more sophisticated, the halo hat above, on the right, is made of quilted taffeta, its ethereal brim composed of strips of taffeta mounted on tulle. Lying almost flat at the front and back, this hat is held on by a band of ribbon tied in a bow which rests on the hair. This also comes from Harrods, and costs three guineas. The beautiful cape is of brown kolinsky with a widened shoulder line and a kilted gros-grain motif at the neck. The exceptionally fine skins are worked with consummate artistry.

On the right is a cap with an elfin air. Designed for cocktail parties or for cinema wear, it is composed of black felt mounted on net, with scroll-like petals cut out and edged with cord. The delicate veil has a wide lace border, and the black chouky cocktail dress has a latticed yoke of silver braid, tied with a coquettish bow and slit to the waist. It is rounded across the front, and there are wide sleeves set into narrow wristbands. Both the hat and dress come from Debenham & Freebody.

CHRISTENED BY THE ROMANS

Historic Majorca and its Many Delightful Resorts

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE ROCKY COAST AT MIRAMAR: A beauty spot about ten miles from Palma

The reason for the popularity of Majorca as a winter resort is not far to seek, for it is doubtful whether there is any other island of its size in the world that can boast of such a variety of scenic charm. It has high mountains, largely forest-clad, with deep valleys between in which the vegetation has almost the luxuriance of the tropics; rocky ravines adown which pour tumbling torrents; hills with gentle slopes where orchards and fields of grain thickly cluster, with orange groves and fruitful vineyards; great underground caverns, due to its limestone formation, where stalagmite and stalactite delight the eye with their beauty, and where, too, there is an underground lake of great interest; and a coastline that is lovely almost beyond compare. It is rugged and broken, with precipitous cliffs and lofty headlands, some thickly clad with trees and verdure; and these give shelter to little bays of exquisite beauty, where sandy beaches gently incline to an azure sea.

And this loveliness of Nature is wedded to a winter climate that is certainly one of the finest in Europe. A lofty mountain range protects Palma, Majorca's capital and chief tourist centre, from cold northerly winds; the average daily temperature is about 53; the weather is almost continuously good, with bright sunshine; the air, though soft, is bracing, and when rain falls, it is only for a brief period. The mildness and equability of the climate are attested by the vegetation, for the palm is very general, and grows in profusion, orange and lemon trees are abundant, the fig, olive and persimmon flourish, and one of the great joys of a January day is to see whole hillsides covered with the delicate blossom of the almond!

Majorca has also great historic charm. Little is known of its earliest inhabitants, except that they built numbers of curious conical towers, known as *talayots*, which, it is thought, were used as fortified dwelling-places, and burial-grottoes of stone, known as *navetas*. The age of this culture is put at 1000 B.C., and the first contact of its people with the outside world was probably with the Carthaginians who made settlements on the island. Twenty-three years after the fall of Carthage the Romans conquered the Balearic Islands, and they gave the largest of the islands the name of Majorca, founded the cities of Palma and Pollenza there, and introduced the cultivation of the olive into the island. When Rome fell, Majorca was seized by the Vandals, then by Belisarius, for the Byzantine Empire, and eventually, after being raided frequently by Normans and Moslems, the Umiyad Moors of Cordova in Spain conquered the island in 903, and by the Moors it was held until 1229, a period of well over 300 years. From this time onwards, until 1349, Majorca formed an independent kingdom, with the rest of the Balearic Isles, under the son of a Spanish king, coming, in that year, under direct Spanish rule under which it has remained.

THE CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY AT VALLDEMOSA, where George Sand, the great French woman writer, nursed Chopin through one of his illnesses

SHELTERED FROM HARSH WINDS: The picturesque town of Soller nestling beneath the hills and surrounded by orchards and orange groves

The mixed ancestry of the people, who conform to the Catalan type more than to any other, is seen in their appearance and many of their customs, and is experienced in their cuisine, which is curiously cosmopolitan—in a Southern European sense. They have preserved a good deal of the old-world charm of life, which is reflected in their courtesy and hospitality and the kindly welcome they give to visitors from other lands; likewise they have retained their partiality for festas and feast-days, and a holiday spent among them is sure to number celebrations of this nature—when you will see the Mallorquin in a particularly joyous mood.

Palma is the centre of the life of the island, and its position, on the inner curve of a beautiful bay, backed by high hills, is one of great attractiveness. Viewed from the sea it presents an imposing spectacle, stretching along slightly elevated ground, with the Gothic turrets of the old Exchange standing up above the houses; to the right the solid mass of the Cathedral, side by side with the stately palace of the Mallorcan kings, whilst on a wooded hill not far off stands the ancient royal castle of Bellver. Ashore you find picturesque old houses bordering narrow streets, many of Moorish type, and arches bridging alley-ways that are dark, whilst cobbled steps lead from the lower to the higher part of the town around which still the ancient ramparts partly run.

The Cathedral of Palma is Majorca's pride. It marks the Spanish conquest and the end of Moorish rule, for it was begun in the year 1230, by James I of Aragon, whose third son became Majorca's first king. It is in Gothic style, with a south front elaborately sculptured doorway and it has been termed the most beautiful Gothic edifice in Spain. East of the Cathedral stands the Episcopal Palace, a building of the second Renaissance, and opposite the famous castle of La Almudaina, or the Royal Palace, erected by the Arabs on the site of a Roman castle, and now used as a residence for the Governor-General, but preserving much of its Moorish aspect and beauty. The Exchange, dating from 1426, with its four very characteristic towers, is a museum today, and the Church of San Francisco de Asis contains the shrine of Ramon Lull, that mystic missionary to the Moors.

Palma has its modern side in the excellent provision it makes for the tourist—with fine modern hotels, one charmingly situated in the midst of beautiful gardens and close to the Castle of Bellver Park, with good facilities for sport — yachting, rowing, golf, tennis, racing, and bathing from a good beach—and amusement which includes a theatre and two casinos, whilst there are an English library and tea-rooms. Its transport arrangements comprise electric tramways, which link up the picturesque suburb of El Terreno; a railway which runs to Alcudia and Manacor, and to Soller; and roads which connect Palma with all the principal towns and the many beauty spots, inland and along the coast, thus enabling the visitor to explore these in comfort by motor car.

A splendid run is to Miramar, starting from the Puerta Pintada, across the passes of Huerta, through groves of fine old olive trees, to the lovely valley of Valldemosa and its famous Carthusian monastery, where Chopin once stayed with George Sand, and wrote, whilst there: "Here I am, in the midst of palms and cedars, and cactuses, olives and oranges, and lemons, figs, and pomegranates. . . . The sky is like a turquoise, the sea is like lazuli, and the mountains are emeralds. The air is pure, like the air of Paradise."

(Continued on p. 36)

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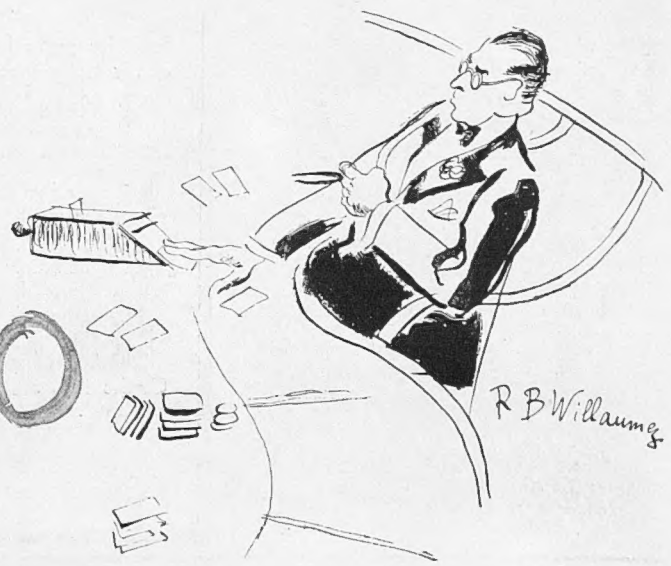
THE MALLORCAN CAPITAL: A view of the city of Palma from across the harbour. Towards the right of the picture, and towering majestically above the other buildings, is the cathedral which was founded by King James I of Aragon in 1230 and which took nearly four centuries to complete

MONTE CARLO

The hard, wooden sound of the ball spinning above the wheel, the crowded tables, the formal cries of the *croupiers* as they indulge in their time-honoured ritual, must ever exercise an irresistible fascination on anyone entering the Rooms, the very Temple of Fortune of our days. Here millions of francs have been — are being — lost and won. Though empires may crumble into dust within a week, the gambler is immortal. The Russian Grand-Dukes have gone, only to be replaced by other figures, newer, it is true, but no less strange. No gap is ever left in the perpetual motion of the Rooms.

Osbert Sitwell



THE THEATRE IN HOLLAND

(*Continued from p.* 16)

old-fashioned virtue, has come to be regarded as bad taste, and an inclination to be fervent in one's part almost as *gauche* as a disinclination to commit adultery. In Holland it is not so bad as that. The actors most honoured over here are those who still preserve some traces of the declamatory age; at all events, those who are able by their diction and gesture to stir us with the sacred illusion of the theatre rather than those who, by their accent and good manners, fail to create even the illusion of their accent and good manners.

I have thought of a postscript to this article. French, German and Austrian companies make a great hit when they come over here. A good English company would do as well. The Dutch have often asked me why English theatrical companies do not visit Holland, bringing notable performers and good plays. Now that the Dutch theatre has turned its face from Berlin and is looking Westwards, there is opportunity for the English theatre to take an important part in the theatrical life of Holland. Cannot something be done about it?

And still another postscript. The Dutch theatre is subsidised. Art, poor dear, can never get far without a crutch.

CHRISTENED BY THE ROMANS

(*Continued from p.* 34)

A few miles on from Valldemosa is Miramar, where the beauty of the thickly wooded hills and the coast is exquisite, and where a fine Mallorcan style château, formerly the charming home of an Austrian Archduke, bears witness to the changing fortune of life.

Other enjoyable excursions are to Soller, set amidst magnificent scenery—of orange groves, orchards, and high mountains, with deep gorges and foaming torrents; the pretty village of Deya, like Soller, beloved by artists; Manacor, to view its interesting caves; the grottoes of Arta; Alcudia and its marvellous bay; and to Formentor, where there is a large and romantically-situated hotel, overlooking the sea and well-nigh surrounded by forests of pine.

The journey from this country to Majorca is quite an easy one. Travelling from Paris by way of Toulouse and Port Bou to Barcelona, which takes about seventeen hours, and lands you in Barcelona about noon, you are able to spend the afternoon and evening in this fine city, to dine there, and to catch the night boat for Palma, arriving at that port next morning at half-past seven—to gain your first view of Majorca's beautiful capital by daylight. If you have the time to spare, then it is possible to travel all the way by sea from this country to Palma, at a special fare, by vessels of the Union Castle Line, or the Orient Line. This is a splendid method of travel to Majorca, and one which combines an ocean holiday with one in a land paradise!

The Sales

AN event that is always looked forward to with the most eager anticipation is the opening of Harrods Sale, which this year begins on January 7 and lasts for six days. This is the time when their ordinary everyday stock is cleared at the most amazing prices, and the greatest economy can be effected by buying all that is necessary for every member of the family, and by seizing this opportunity of renewing all those things which are needed for the house. Not only have the most drastic reductions been made, but all furniture, furnishings, gramophones, wireless sets, pianos, turnery, china and glass are available at Harrods famous easy payment system on £20 orders or over. Spring coats, with luxurious fur collars, reduced to £9 instead of the usual 14½ guineas, new Spring hats available from 7s. 6d., court shoes at 10s. instead of 21s. 9d., and for girls, a long tweed coat with a matching pinafore frock and hat for 30s. give some ideas of the bargains which may be found. Friday is remnant day.

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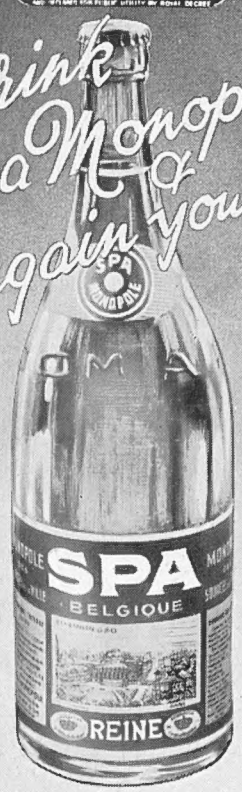

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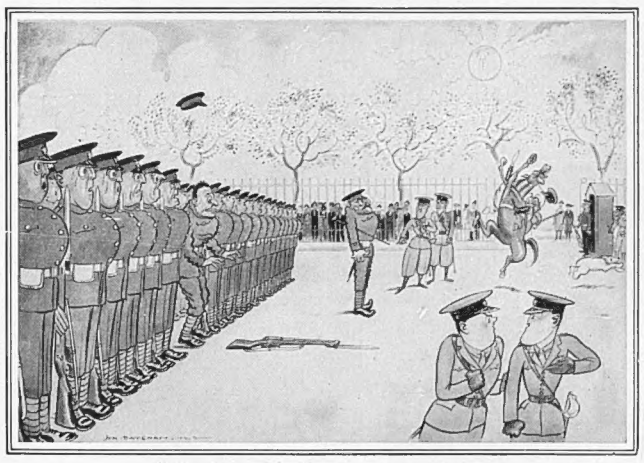

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Hints to Travellers

DAY TRAVEL FROM PARIS TO THE RIVIERA.

Intending visitors to the Riviera will learn with interest that the famous "Côte d'Azur Pullman Express" has started running for the winter season. This train makes the journey from Paris to the Riviera by day, leaving the Gare de Lyon daily at 10.15 a.m., arriving at Cannes at 10.06 p.m. The average speed for the distance of 660 miles is 55 m.p.h., including stops. The train is composed entirely of 1st and 2nd class modern Pullman cars, which represent the last word in comfort.

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THE SICILIAN SPRING SEASON.

Return tickets to Palermo, Taormina, Syracuse, Agrigento and Catania, for the Primavera Siciliana—the Sicilian Spring season, have been reduced by 50 per cent., this reduction continuing until May 15 next. In addition, tourists have the privilege of booking local tickets from point to point on the island at half fare. Although it is possible to visit most of the interesting places in Sicily by rail, a better way of seeing the island is to travel by the luxurious motor-coach services that encircle the island. The whole tour can be done in four days, though travellers usually spend some time at centres such as Agrigento, Syracuse, and Taormina. The principal roads, both on the mainland and in Sicily, are fine thoroughfares, and the number of motorists who have taken their cars to the island has increased greatly in the past few years. Special seasonal attractions are an exhibition of nineteenth-century art at Palermo, performances and displays of classical dancing at the famous Latomie of Syracuse and the Greek Temples of Agrigento, and a show of Sicilian peasant costumes at Taormina. The climate of Sicily is the finest in Europe; flowers, both cultivated and wild, are in profusion everywhere, and in February, when the almond and peach trees are in bloom, the island is a veritable fairyland.

TRANSATLANTIC EXCURSIONS.

Atlantic travel is likely to become much more popular in the near future, with the decided lowering of fares and excursion facilities which have been introduced by the Canadian Pacific, Cunard—White Star, and other Lines. The "Atlantic" excursion provides a return journey between the United States and Great Britain for tourist and third-class passengers at extremely low rates and allows a fifteen days' stay in the United States or Canada, which should prove extremely attractive for those whose time for a Transatlantic holiday is limited.

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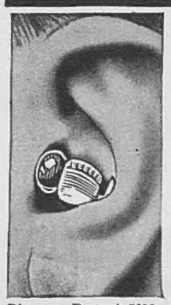

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